


THE

CLASS
1893

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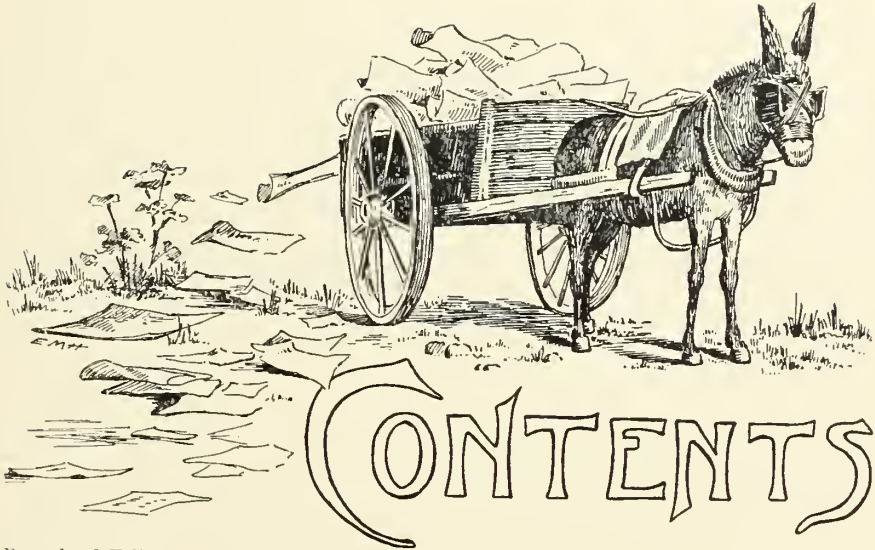
The Hopkinsian



Edited by
Class of '98
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BALTIMORE.
MDCGCXCIII

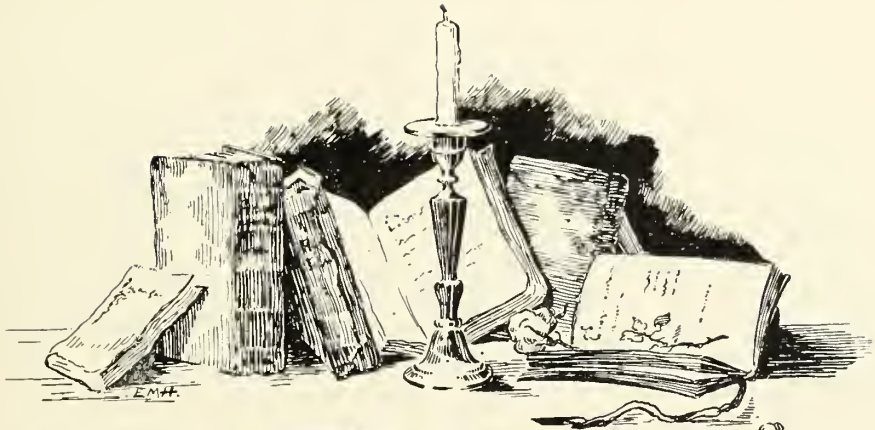
W.C. Brigham.

Rah Johnny, Rah Hop!
Rah Johnny Hopkins!
Hoo-Rah, Hoo-Rah!
Black! Blue! Hopkins!



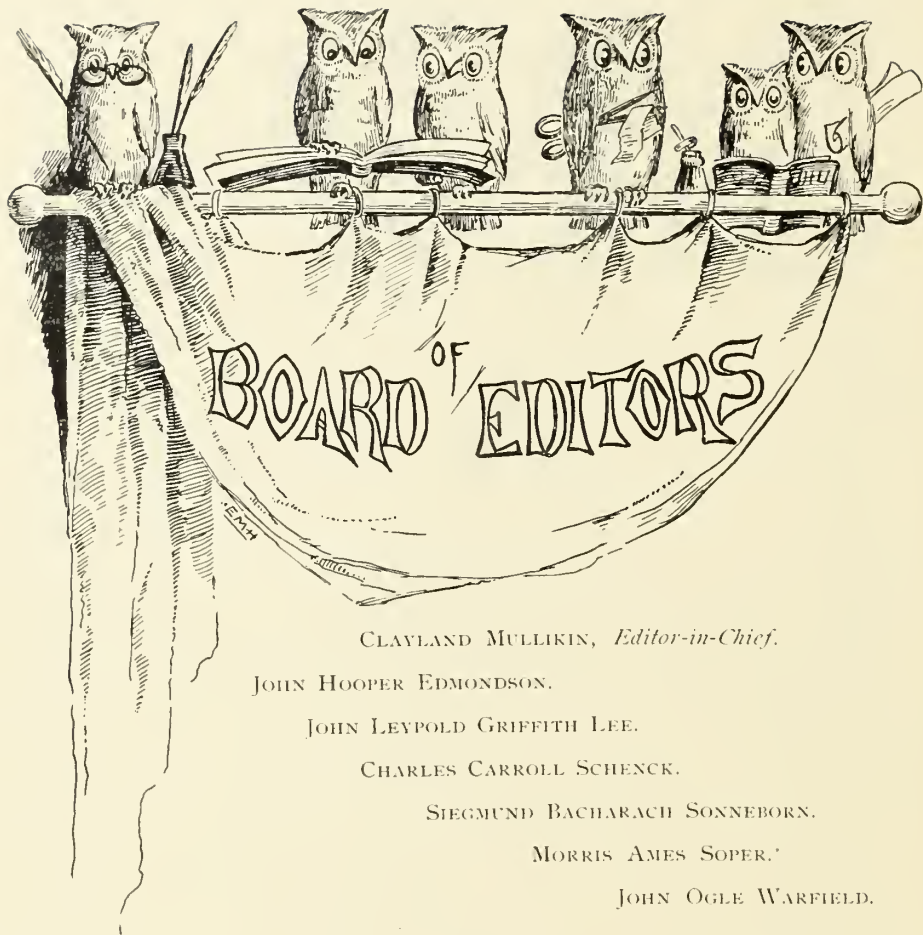
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Prologue.

IN the preparation of the feast which is now presented to all our guests, we, the Editors, have been the cooks, and, to some extent, have furnished the provisions as well. For the last seven months we have come together, at all times, both by day and night, in public highways and secluded places, to add now a roast, now a stew, now a French pâté, until at last the menu has been completed.

Doubtless, you will find not a little indigestible matter, but we hope that none will be so abstemious as not to meet with some palatable dish, none so censorious as to cast away with scorn what it has been a labor of love to prepare. For better or worse, the meal is before you, and we serve it with the fond wish that it may enlighten you as to the brighter side of a student's life; strengthen the ties which bind you to our *Alma Mater*; and promote in every way the interests and welfare of everything which may be honored with the proud epithet, "Hopkinsian."

THE EDITORS.

Dedication Ode.

Ninety-Three—Oh sacred number tell
In words of truth to all,
Nor fear at length to dwell,
Exalted in thy cause—
The deeds thou dost recall;
Yet sigh not for applause.

Truth is thy noble aim,
Honor thy trusty guide,
Royal deeds surround thy name,
Exclaiming in just pride:
Eternal is thy fame!



PROFESSOR BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

—

Professorial Types.

THOSE of us who, for one reason or another, were especially interested in the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University, may be pardoned for considering the year 1876 a memorable year in the history of higher education in America, may be pardoned for thinking, and even for saying, that the centenary of the Declaration of Independence witnessed a second Declaration of Independence—Independence of the tyrannous Use and Wont that kept, and still keeps, so many of the higher schools of our country bound. The motto of our University, “The truth shall make you free,” at once a prophecy and a commandment, is a sentence that can never be pondered too much; but it must be remembered that if it is the truth that makes us free, it is freedom that opens the way to truth, and it was this freedom proclaimed in 1876 that produced the thrill of life that we can never forget, that the educational world of America has continued to feel. But, though this annual bears the name “Hopkinsian,” and the writers for the “Hopkinsian” may be allowed to say all manner of patriotic things about Hopkinsian achievements, still we must not claim everything, and it may be as well to admit gracefully that much of what we have wrought had been in preparation for a long time. Our song of victory, like one of Pindar’s noblest odes, must be a glorification of opportunity. The fullness of time had come and the season was ours. In any case, whether it be opportunity, whether it be coincidence, there is no question that in the period of time that has elapsed since 1876 many features, either wholly new or else only foreshadowed in former days, have entered permanently into the aspect of university life, and one of them, and not the least important, is the professionalism of the professorship. Within a comparatively recent period there was no such thing in this country as training for a college or university professorship. Training schools for teachers are no novelty, but that a young man should deliberately select a professorship as a career in life would have been

considered, say forty years ago, as savoring of presumption. Professors were made, it is true, and not always ill made, and the roll of the earlier generations of professors is not unilluminated by distinguished names; but there was a mystery about the matter, akin to that which hangs about predestination, a mystery that no longer exists and is nowadays hardly comprehensible. If a young graduate of my day had proclaimed his intention to fit himself for a professorship, he would have exposed himself to ridicule for his uppishness, and the only wise course for such an one was to flee the country and seek refuge in lands where such an aspiration was not considered absurd. And yet those who sat in the seat of the scornful had no very exalted opinion of the professor. One might readily aspire to be a tutor, and the tutorship often led to a professorship, but the tutorship was not an especially dignified office, and the tutor was as often as not selected for general availability rather than for special attainments. It is almost incredible in these days of specialization how, even in the larger colleges, the tutors and, for that matter, the professors, were shifted from department to department. Imagine a professor of Greek addressing his class somewhat after this fashion:

“YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Do not neglect your Greek after you leave college. I was for several years tutor in mathematics and hoped to become a professor of mathematics. But I kept up my Greek. Morning and night I read my chapter in the Greek Testament. The professorship of Greek unexpectedly fell vacant. And there I was, ready for the place. Young gentlemen, keep up your Greek. And now, in continuation of our course, I will ask you to listen to the names of the principal Greek cyclic poets. You will probably never hear them again.”

I do not mean by this to cast aspersions on the “all-round” men and to glorify the specialists. The limitation of the specialist has its drawbacks, and every man should, if possible, have an avocation as well as a vocation. There is no harm, but much profit, in being a many-sided scholar; it is only your polygonal sciolist that is a nuisance. And yet, so separate are the departments now, that it often happens that men lead double intellectual lives unknown to their neighbors, and only death reveals that two Muses are in mourning for the same scholar. Certainly it was not until Churchill Babington died that I found out that he was a botanist and a conchologist. Grassmann’s mathemat-

ical admirers may not have known of him as a Sanskritist, and it seems that the fewest of the thousands who are familiar with the name of the Hellenist, Wilhelm Dindorf, have ever thought of him as a railroad man. And instances might be multiplied indefinitely to show that the breed of Admirable Crichtons is not extinct. But on the whole, for the progress of education, for the advance of science, it is better that the professor should be a professional man, and should have received a training with special reference to his calling in life and, to this distinct recognition of the professorship as a career, we Hopkinsians think that our University has made a decided contribution, though, as individuals, we must always endeavor to widen our sympathies and strive to apprehend something of the great movement of the world outside of our special lines of work.

The title of my paper calls for professorial types and may lead some reader to expect that I am going to treat my subject in a scientific manner, either after the approved evolutionary fashion or after the pattern of Aristotle or Theophrastus. I might take up the professor when he first makes his appearance on the stage of society under the name of Sophist and bring him down through a formidable array of successive differentiations and integrations to the present complex organism of professorial life. I might point out that everything that was to come lay implicit in that first sophist cell, that the very name bears the professional stamp, that the wisdom which those early teachers possessed and imparted was professorial wisdom. I might show how these first professors evolved other professors, whom I do not like to contemplate, the sophists of a later day, those gentlemen of the Greek Renaissance of the second century after Christ, whose lives were spent not so much in the pursuit of science as in the pursuit of sound, who were forever stirring up the gift of speech that was in them, who spent their days and nights in making extemporaneous discourses about everything and nothing, in manufacturing similes and similitudes which were sent around to admiring friends, and in fabricating witticisms which were ill-natured when they were not silly. Some of their professorial jokes still survive in college circles, and the traits of these old-world professors are so persistent that I am not especially fond of my far distant colleagues, for these superficial likenesses are extremely disagreeable. But if the professor of the present day is plagued with the parallelism, let him forth-

with introduce the seminary method so much employed in our University. This method puts the student, for the time being, in the place of the professor and reveals to him the difficulties of the situation and its remorseless requirements, so that he who groaned over the professor's dry and tedious disquisitions and pointless jokes, finds, in his turn, that his erudition is not so interesting to others as it is to himself, and that the genuine wit, with which he enlivens his discourse, is not always appreciated.

But the evolutionary method would require too much space, as is manifest from the specimen already given, nor do I intend to turn traitor to my own guild and show it up, after the manner of Aristotle's Rhetoric and Theophrastus' Characters. I am not going to tell you that a professor is a man who is capable of doing this absurdity and that absurdity. I am not going to lend a handle to the undergraduates, most of whom will never be professors, and what is left of the space I have promised to fill up for the "Hopkinsian" will be occupied by some slight sketches of some of my own university teachers. They are all in the Elysian fields, and their shades will not object to the use I shall make of their earthly lives. As I think over the chief of them, I recognize the fact that, despite the diversity of human character, the great professional lines are clearly manifest, and while it may not be expedient to divide professors into sheep and goats, or to sort them as styles were sorted by the ancient rhetoricians into three classes, which might be translated by a stretch into the pompous, the dry and the mediocre, still, I fancy that the professors I knew represented fairly the varieties of the species and may serve as a manner of *hortus succus* for further study.

I was a boy of nineteen when I entered the University of Berlin. Of my special preparation for philological work the less said the better. "*Il est propre à tout,*" said the French mother as she urged the claims of her son on the head of the bureau. "*Il est propre à tout; il n'a rien appris.*" But I had German enough to understand the lectures, and that was something.

My first professor was the illustrious Boeckh. He was then sixty-five years old, and the yellow pages from which he read his lectures seemed to be almost as old as the lecturer. There was no attempt at oratory. He sat quietly in his chair, put his nose into his manuscript, fished out what he wanted to say and then said it deliberately, looking out serenely towards Unter den Linden,

and nursing his leg from time to time. His type was the type of the oracle, but it was an oracle which one had no inclination to resist as one is wickedly disposed to resist oracles. The wide vision of the seer had been gained from the mountain tops of learning, mountain tops that he had reared, not simply climbed; and it was a privilege to sit in that stuffy lecture-room, and to see the revelation of the great science of antiquity, the very existence of which is called in question to-day. He said "*In der Dad*," instead of "*In der That*," and had serious weaknesses in the way of jokes; but he was a great man, and though he may be classified as a professor, as a scholar he belongs to an unreturning type.

Lachmann, another great light of the University, died shortly after I went to Berlin, and I never heard him lecture. Franz, his sworn foe, had planted his lectures on Lachmann's hours, and as Franz's lectures fitted my scheme of studies better than did Lachmann's, I gave up the great critic for the practical teacher. When Lachmann's final illness was announced, and some of us told Franz that his old enemy was about to die, the significant reply was "I could not have wished him *that*." His own end was not far off. But whatever bitterness Franz may have felt toward his rivals, the little professor, whose face, as I remember it, was lost in goggles and beard, showed great kindness to the knot of students that sat on the benches of his lecture-room in the gray morning hours of a Berlin winter, or gathered round his table in his own house. He was a firm believer in writing Greek and speaking Greek, and looked for the regeneration of Greek studies to practical familiarity with the ancient tongue. He called himself Phrasieles, and gave a Greek name to each of his pupils, mine being Chrysobrachion, which he developed in the twinkling of an eye from the analogy of Scytobrachion.

Franz was the type of the teaching professor, the professor who loves to do good and to communicate, but above all to communicate.

Immanuel Bekker, the great textual critic, was the type of the professor who abhors teaching, and he did his utmost to deter students from following his courses, which he held only as a matter of obligation, and indeed he generally managed to shake off the few hardy souls who had the courage to enter for his lectures. He glared at us, and scowled at us, and read as rapidly as he could a lot of critical notes, which at that stage I for one could not appreciate, so that I soon dropped out. But years afterwards, Leopold Schmidt, the Pindaric scholar,

to whom I recounted my experience, told me that he and a number of other young men bound themselves to persevere in their attendance on his lectures and, when Bekker found that they would not let him go, the old scholar surrendered at discretion, spread out the resources of his wonderful knowledge of the Greek of every period and every sphere, and made his talks as delightful as they were instructive. But I have cited Bekker only as a contrast to Franz, because Bekker held a professorship simply in order to draw a salary. His real life was in his books.

The eloquent professor is another type, and at that time Berlin did not lack eloquent professors. Stahl, one of the law professors, a politician and a publicist of the reactionary school, was the star actor, and held forth to crowded audiences, a fluent and sparkling creature whose memory has well-nigh perished. There was the great geographer, Carl Ritter, who had a lordly port and an impressive delivery. In him one felt that Mother Earth had a worthy ambassador. Ranke, the historian, was the despair of foreigners, a sputterer and contortionist whom the German students found it hard to follow, how much more the foreigners to whom the German vocables still whizzed and whirred!

Forty years ago, Berlin was not the "world-city" the Berlinese call it now, but it was a great city, and the Berlin professor was more or less subdued to city life. In the smaller university towns, the professorial type was not in the same danger of being effaced, and Göttingen, my next nursing mother, was not a bad place in which to study the variations of the professorial family. In those days, however, the objects of Heinrich Heine's mocking laughter were not all dead, and it was hard to approach the investigation with perfect sobriety. The list of lectures was itself a curiosity to an American boy. So, for example, the announcement that Dr. Andreas Thospann would hold forth five times a week on "The First Journey of Henry the Lion to England," at such hours as would suit the convenience of the hearers. Surely nothing more than that announcement is needed to bring back the figure of Dr. Andreas Thospann, who used to crawl around the "wall" on sunshiny days, apparently in close communion with the ghost of Henry the Lion. Such wonderful surtouts as one saw, such portentous stocks, such blooming shirt-collars; surtouts that buttoned tight to the figure and hid everything that was or was not beneath them; stocks that reared their shiny silk

above the surtout along an unreasonable length of throttle, and the whole crowned by an immense collar—immense on Sunday, but gradually hauled in day by day until its successor rose to greet the next Lord's day with its vast expanse.

In my happy year at Göttingen, I had the good fortune to be brought into close relations with one of my professors, Schneidewin, and I have not the heart, even at this distance of time, to classify one who was a personal friend, though perhaps none of my professors was more typically German than he. He was a man of prodigious memory and knew his Homer and his Sophocles by heart, and impressed us by the subtlety of his acquaintance with the Greek tongue. He was not an eloquent man, and his way of treating his manuscript was something like that of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold; only, after consulting his notes, he would face the window and not the audience.

Karl Friedrich Hermann, the most eminent of the classical philologists at Göttingen, was not an eloquent man either, though he was professor of eloquence, and it seemed perfectly natural that he should hump himself over his reading desk, bury his big face in his manuscript, and spout forth his long sentences with immense force and with perpetual gyrations of one of his fat hands. There was no love lost between Hermann and Schneidewin—though, I believe, Hermann behaved magnanimously when he was called to Göttingen—and I was somewhat of a partisan and believed in Schneidewin; but no one, however prejudiced, could fail to recognize Hermann's wide learning and broad vision, no one could fail to be borne on by the turbulent flow of his discourse.

Ritter, the historian of philosophy, read so closely that it almost amounted to dictation. His was the text-book type of lecture and he the text-book type of professor, a type that has its uses, and it is well, for it is a type that will never die.

Time would fail me to tell of Von Leutsch, the most diverting of all the academical oddities I have ever known. He was the type of the professor on whom all the professorial stories are fathered, another undying type.

At Bonn, my chief masters were Welcker, Ritschl and Bernays. Bernays was then a young man. Young as he was, he had already marked out the lines by which he was to attain to what is in some respects a unique position, and I doubt very much whether, as a teacher, he ever advanced beyond what he was then. As a scholar, he never achieved any work of great bulk, but what

he did was marked by classic perfection. He had keen insight and a fatal command of sarcasm. From Welcker's lectures on Greek art, the world of classic beauty rose like an exhalation, perhaps rather too much like an exhalation. Still, it was a golden mist. Of Ritschl, I have elsewhere written at length, and I will not repeat here my characteristics of the great scholar and the great teacher. There was not much danger lest the vivacity of his manner should find too many imitators among his own countrymen. Tradition was too strong for that. But it seemed almost impossible that any one could have studied under Ritschl without catching something of his fire, something of his spirit. And this fire, this spirit, is what is most needed. If I may adapt a verse of Aristophanes, the cry of the impatient student to his teacher is

"You dreadful bore, don't lecture me, but give me wings."*

These are some of the individuals, some of the types, that come back to me out of the distant past. The memory of these men makes me young again, and in a measure qualifies me for my part in the "Hopkinsian." But professors and students alike—*pulvis et umbra sumus*, and more particularly professors who are often dust before they are shadows. Sometime ago, there was discovered in the library of the University of Kiel, a tablet, with waxen effigies of more than a score of the glories of the faculty, dating from the close of the last century. The faces were not uninteresting, some of them unusually intellectual in their cast, some of a subtle and penetrating expression. They were all magnates in their day. One of them actually gave his name to a street in the town of Kiel. But who knows, who really knows, what any one of them did? And the only two figures on the tablet, whose names are at all familiar to the general student, have been put in to make the rows even. But Nature is careful of the type and the Kiel professors have doubtless each had his reincarnation, as we shall have ours, and in the remote ages some professor will renew, for the benefit of another "Hopkinsian," his recollections of professorial types.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

* ὦ δαιμόνιε, μὴ νοηθεῖται μὲν, ἀλλ' ἂν πτερόν.

"Wings, my good fellow, give me wings, not words."—FRERE.

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(Arranged in the several groups in the order of appointment.)

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A. B., Yale College, 1852. and A. M., 1855; LL. D., Harvard University, 1876, St. John's College, 1876. Columbia College, 1887, Yale University, 1889, and University of North Carolina, 1889; Professor in Yale College, 1863-72; President of the University of California, 1872-75.

J. J. SYLVESTER, F. R. S., D. C. L. (now Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford), *Professor Emeritus of Mathematics*.

A. M., University of Cambridge; Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Member of the Academy of Sciences in Berlin, Göttingen, Naples, Milan, St. Petersburg, etc.; LL. D., University of Dublin, Uni-

versity of Edinburgh; D. C. L., University of Oxford; D. Sc. (Hon.), University of Cambridge; Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; late Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; Copley Medalist, Royal Society, London, 1880; *Editor of the American Journal of Mathematics*, 1878-84.

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A. B., Princeton College, 1849, and A. M., 1852; Ph. D., University of Göttingen, 1853; LL. D., College of William and Mary, 1869, and Harvard University, 1886; Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia, 1856-76; Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia, 1861-66; D. C. L., University of the South, 1884; Hon. Member of the Cambridge Philological Society and of the Philological Syllogos of Constantinople; *Editor of the American Journal of Philology*.

IRA REMSEN, M. D., PH. D., *Professor of Chemistry, and Director of the Chemical Laboratory*.—12 E. Biddle St.

A. B., College of the City of New York, 1865; M. D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y., 1867; Ph. D., University of Göttingen, 1870; Professor of Chemistry in Williams College, 1872-76 and previously Assistant in Chemistry in the University of Tübingen; *Editor of the American Chemical Journal*.

HENRY A. ROWLAND, PH. D., *Professor of Physics, and Director of the Physical Laboratory*.—915 Cathedral St.

C. E., Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, 1870; Assistant Professor in the same, 1872-75; Ph. D. (Hon.), Johns Hopkins University, 1880; Honorary Member of the Physical Society of London, of the French Physical Society, and of the Groeniar Academy of Natural Science, Sicily; Corresponding Member of the British Association and of the Royal Society of Göttingen; Member of the Cambridge (Eng.) Philosophical Society; Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London.

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WILLIAM H. WELCH, M. D., *Professor of Pathology*, 506 Cathedral St.

A. B., Yale College, 1870; M. D., College of Physicians and Surgeons (N. Y.), 1875; late Professor of Pathological Anatomy and General Pathology in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y.; President of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland; *Pathologist to the Johns Hopkins Hospital*.

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WILLIAM OSLER, M. D., F. R. C. P., *Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine*.—1 W. Franklin St.

M. D., McGill University, 1872; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London; Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, McGill University, Montreal, 1874-84; Professor of Clinical Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, 1884-89; *Physician to the Johns Hopkins Hospital*.

HENRY M. HURD, A. M., M. D., *Professor of Psychiatry*.—Johns Hopkins Hospital.

A. B., University of Michigan, 1863, and A. M., 1870; M. D., University of Michigan, 1866; Superintendent of the Eastern Michigan Asylum, 1878-89; *Superintendent of the Johns Hopkins Hospital*.

HOWARD A. KELLY, A. M., M. D., *Professor of Gynecology*.—905 N. Charles Street.

A. B., University of Pennsylvania, 1877, and M. D., 1882; Associate Professor of Obstetrics, University of Pennsylvania, 1888-89; *Gynecologist to the Johns Hopkins Hospital*.

HERBERT B. ADAMS, PH. D., LL. D., *Professor of American and Institutional History*.—1025 Cathedral St.

A. B., Amherst College, 1872; Ph. D., University of Heidelberg, 1876; LL. D., University of Alabama, 1891; Fellow of the Johns Hopkins University, 1876-78; *Editor of the Studies in Historical and Political Science*.

- WILLIAM K. BROOKS, PH. D., *Professor of Animal Morphology, and Director of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory*.—Brightside.
A. B., Williams College, 1870; Ph. D., Harvard University, 1875; *Associate Editor of the Studies from the Biological Laboratory*.
- MAURICE BLOOMFIELD, PH. D., *Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology*.—861 Park Avenue.
A. M., Furman University, 1877; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1878-79, and Ph. D., 1879.
- THOMAS CRAIG, PH. D., *Professor of Pure Mathematics*.—1822 St. Paul St.
C. E., Lafayette College, 1875; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1876-79, and Ph. D., 1878; *Associate Editor of the American Journal of Mathematics*.
- A. MARSHALL ELLIOTT, PH. D., *Professor of the Romance Languages*.—935 N. Calvert St.
A. B., Haverford College, 1866, and A. M., 1878; A. B., Harvard University, 1868; Ph. D., Princeton College, 1877.
- WILLIAM S. HALSTED, M. D., *Professor of Surgery*.—1201 Eutaw Place.
A. B., Yale College, 1874; M. D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, 1877; late Attending Surgeon to the Presbyterian and Bellevue Hospitals, New York; *Chief of the Dispensary, and Surgeon to the Johns Hopkins Hospital*.
- HARMON N. MORSE, PH. D., *Professor of Analytical Chemistry, and Sub-Director of the Chemical Laboratory*.—1817 Bolton St.
A. B., Amherst College, 1873; Ph. D., University of Göttingen, 1875; Instructor in Chemistry at Amherst College, 1875-76.
- MINTON WARREN, PH. D., *Professor of Latin*.—1503 Madison Ave.
A. B., Tufts College, 1870; Ph. D., University of Strassburg, 1879.
- GEORGE H. WILLIAMS, PH. D., *Professor of Inorganic Geology*.—803 Cathedral Street.
A. B., Amherst College, 1878; Ph. D., University of Heidelberg, 1882.
- GEORGE HENRY EMMOTT, A. M., *Professor of Roman Law and Comparative Jurisprudence*.—304 W. Lanvale St.
A. B. and LL. B., University of Cambridge (Eng.), 1879, and A. M., 1882; late Associate and Lecturer on Roman Law, etc., in Victoria University (Eng.); Lecturer on Civil Law in Columbian University, Washington, 1892.
- HENRY WOOD, PH. D., *Professor of German*.—2126 Oak St.
A. B., Haverford College, 1869; Ph. D., University of Leipsic, 1879.
- FABIAN FRANKLIN, PH. D., *Professor of Mathematics*.—1507 Park Ave.
Ph. B., Columbian University, 1869; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1877-79, and Ph. D., 1880.

EDWARD RENOUF, PH. D., *Collegiate Professor of Chemistry, and Acting Director of the Gymnasium*.—827 N. Eutaw St.

Ph. D., University of Freiburg, 1880; Assistant in Chemistry in the University of Munich, 1880-85.

JOHN S. BILLINGS, M. D., LL. D., *Lecturer on Municipal Hygiene*.—Washington.

A. B., Oxford College (Ohio), 1857, and A. M., 1860; M. D., University of Cincinnati, 1860; LL. D., University of Edinburgh, 1884, Harvard University, 1886, University of Oxford, 1889, University of Dublin, 1892; Surgeon, U. S. Army, and Librarian of the Surgeon-General's Office; Director, Institute of Hygiene, University of Pennsylvania.

EDWARD H. SPIEKER, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Greek and Latin*.—915 Edmondson Ave.

A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1879, Fellow, 1880-82, and Ph. D., 1882.

LOUIS DUNCAN, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Electricity*.—139 E. North Ave.

U. S. Naval Academy, 1880; Ensign, U. S. Navy, 1883-86; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1885.

JAMES W. BRIGHT, PH. D., *Associate Professor of English Philology*.—718 N. Howard St.

A. B., Lafayette College, 1877; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1880-82, and Ph. D., 1882.

WILLIAM HAND BROWNE, M. D., *Associate Professor of English Literature*.—Ruxton.

M. D., University of Maryland, 1850; Librarian and Associate, 1879-91.

ETHAN A. ANDREWS, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Biology*.—615 Park Ave.

Ph. B., Yale College, 1881; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1884-86, and Ph. D., 1887.

WILLIAM B. CLARK, PH. D., *Associate Professor of Organic Geology*.—311 W. Monument St.

A. B., Amherst College, 1884; Ph. D., University of Munich, 1887.

NICHOLAS MURRAY, A. B., LL. B., *Librarian*.—621 St. Paul St.

A. B., Williams College, 1862; LL. B., Columbia College, 1866.

PHILIP R. UHLER, *Associate in Natural History*.—254 W. Hoffman St.

Provost and Librarian of the Peabody Institute.

MARION D. LEARNED, PH. D., *Associate in German*.—2339 N. Calvert St.

A. B., Dickinson College, 1880, and A. M., 1883; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1885-86, and Ph. D., 1887.

- CYRUS ADLER, PH. D., *Associate in the Semitic Languages*.—Washington.
 A. B., University of Pennsylvania, 1883, and A. M., 1886; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1885-87, and Ph. D., 1887; Assistant Curator of the collection of Oriental Antiquities in the U. S. National Museum; Librarian of the Smithsonian Institution.
- JOSEPH S. AMES, PH. D., *Associate in Physics*.—827 N. Eutaw St.
 A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1886. Fellow, 1887-88, and Ph. D., 1890
- HERMANN S. HERING, M. E., *Associate in Electrical Engineering*.—2122 Mt. Royal Terrace.
 B. S., University of Pennsylvania, 1885, and M. E., 1886; Instructor in the Philadelphia Manual Training School, 1886-87, and Professor of Mechanics and Applied Electricity, 1889-91.
- JOHN E. MATZKE, PH. D., *Associate in the Romance Languages*.—255 W. Hoffman St.
 A. B., Hope College, 1882; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1888; Professor in Bowdoin College, 1889-90, and in Indiana University, 1890-91.
- CHARLES L. POOR, PH. D., *Associate in Astronomy*.—1312 Eutaw Place.
 S. B., College of the City of New York, 1886, and M. S., 1890; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1889-90, and Ph. D., 1892; Instructor in the College of the City of New York, 1890-91.
- KIRBY F. SMITH, PH. D., *Associate in Latin*.—855 N. Eutaw St.
 A. B., University of Vermont, 1884; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1889.
- SIDNEY SHERWOOD, PH. D., *Associate in Political Economy*.—2325 N. Calvert St.
 A. B., Princeton College, 1879; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1891; Instructor in Finance, University of Pennsylvania, 1891-92.
- JOHN MARTIN VINCENT, PH. D., *Associate in History*.—604 Lennox St.
 A. B., Oberlin College, 1883, and A. M., 1888; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1890.
- GEORGE P. DREYER, PH. D., *Associate in Biology*.—1414 E. Biddle St.
 A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1887, Fellow, 1889-90, Ph. D., 1890.
- SIMON FLENNER, M. D., *Associate in Pathology*.—Johns Hopkins Hospital.
 M. D., University of Louisville, 1889; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1891-92.
- CHARLES W. EMIL MILLER, PH. D., *Associate in Greek*.—1218 Bolton St.
 A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1882, Fellow, 1883-85, and Ph. D., 1886.
- GEORGE H. F. NUTTALL, M. D., PH. D., *Associate in Bacteriology and Hygiene*.—Johns Hopkins Hospital.
 M. D., University of California, 1884; Ph. D., University of Göttingen, 1890.

ADOLF RAMBEAU, PH. D., *Associate in the Romance Languages*.—718 N. Howard St.

Wittenberg Gymnasium, 1871; Ph. D., University of Marburg, 1877; Professor in the Hamburg Gymnasium, 1888-92.

BOLLING W. BARTON, M. D., *Instructor in Botany*.—Pikesville.

M. D., University of Maryland, 1871.

WYATT W. RANDALL, PH. D., *Instructor in Chemistry*.—2208 Maryland Ave.

A. B., St. John's College, 1884; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1890.

S. EDWIN WHITEMAN, *Instructor in Drawing*.—Mt. Washington.

École des Beaux-Arts, Paris.

HERMANN SCHOENFELD, PH. D., *Instructor in German*.—Washington.

Ph. D., University of Leipsic, 1877; also Instructor in Columbian University.

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON, JR., A. M., M. D., *Instructor in the Semitic Languages*.—1820 N. Calvert St.

B. Litt., University of Virginia, 1876, A. B., 1878, A. M., 1879; M. D., University of Maryland, 1880; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1889-91.

WILLIAM M. ARNOLT, PH. D., *Instructor in New Testament Greek*.—1015 McCulloh St.

B. D., New Brunswick (N. J.) Theological Seminary, 1882; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1883-85, and Ph. D., 1888.

LORAIN S. HULBERT, A. M., *Instructor in Mathematics*.—200 E. 22d St.

A. B., University of Wisconsin, 1883, and A. M., 1888; Professor of Mathematics, University of South Dakota, 1887-91; Fellow, Clark University, 1891-92.

FRANCIS HEAD, M. E., *Instructor in Mechanical Engineering*.—2122 Mt. Royal Terrace.

S. B., University of Pennsylvania, 1891, and M. E., 1892.

LECTURERS, 1892-93.

LECTURER ON THE PERCY TURNBULL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION.

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LEVERING LECTURER.

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ELGIN R. L. GOULD, PH. D., Statistician of the U. S. Department of Labor.

Fifty lectures on *Current Social Problems in Europe.*

JAMES SCHOULER, LL. D., of Boston (Lecturer in the Boston University, and Author of "History of the United States under the Constitution").

Twenty-five lectures on *American Constitutional Law.*

ALBERT SILAW, PH. D., Editor of the "Review of Reviews," New York.

Ten lectures on *American Municipal Government and Civic Training.*

PROFESSOR WOODROW WILSON, PH. D., LL. D., of Princeton College.

Twenty-five lectures on *Administration.*

AMOS G. WARNER, PH. D., Superintendent of Charities in the District of Columbia.

Ten lectures on *Charities and their Administration.*

PROFESSOR JOHN B. CLARK, PH. D., of Smith and Amherst Colleges.

Twenty-five lectures on the *Economic Theory of Distribution.*

PROFESSOR HENRY C. ADAMS, PH. D., of the University of Michigan.

Twenty lectures on *Finance.*

HON. JOHN L. KASSON, LL. D., of Washington, late U. S. Minister to Austria and to Germany.

Ten lectures on the *History of European Diplomacy.*

LECTURERS ON PEDAGOGICS.

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Five lectures on the *Philosophy of Education*.

JAMES MACALISTER, LL. D., President of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Five lectures on the *History and Institutes of Education*.

ASSISTANTS FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

PHILIP R. MOALE, A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Chemistry.	1518 Bolton St.
BERT H. HITE, M. S., West Virginia University.—Chemistry.	1434 McCulloh St.
J. ELLIOTT GILPIN, Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University.—Chemistry.	341 Dolphin St.
JOHN E. BUCHER, A. C., Lehigh.—Chemistry.	851 N. Howard St.
GEORGE LEFEVRE, A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Biology.	1032 N. Eutaw St.
HENRY MCÉ. KNOWER, A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Biology.	Fort McHenry.
HORACE W. BRITCHER, B. C. E., Syracuse.—Biology.	924 Madison Ave.
REID HUNT, A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Physiology.	902 McCulloh St.
HENRY A. BUMSTEAD, A. B.,—Johns Hopkins University.—Physics.	1006 Madison Ave.
E. PERCY LEWIS, S. B., Columbian.—Physics.	Washington, D. C.
HENRY H. NORRIS, Philadelphia Manual Training School.—Electricity.	139 Mosher St.

- HAROLD M. DYAR, 708 W. North Ave.
Ph. B., Marietta.—Electricity.
- ABRAHAM COHEN, 1412 Linden Ave.
A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Mathematics.
- WILLIAM W. LANDIS, 841 N. Howard St.
Ph. B., Dickinson.—Mathematics.
- SAMUEL V. HOFFMAN, 611 Park Ave.
M. E., Stevens Institute of Technology.—Astronomy.
- C. ALPHONSO SMITH, 847 N. Eutaw St.
A. M., Davidson.—English.
- DANIEL G. STEVENS, JR., Woodberry.
A. B., John Hopkins University.—Semitic Languages.
- DAVID H. HOLMES, 1712 Linden Ave.
A. M., Ohio Wesleyan.—Greek and Sanskrit.
- W. STUART SYMINGTON, JR., 707 N. Howard St.
A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—French.
- FERDINAND BONNOTTE, 1217 John St.
Collège Louis Le Grand (Paris).—French.
- C. CARROLL MARDEN, 1218 W. Lexington St.
A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—French and Spanish.
- THOMAS N. CARVER, 1421 W. Franklin St.
A. B., University of Southern California.—Historical Library.
- GEORGE KRIEHN, 1020 McCulloh St.
Ph. D., Strassburg.—History.
- GEORGE E. BOYNTON, 71 W. 24th St.
A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Historical Library
- DAVID E. ROBERTS, 12 S. Chester St.
A. B., Johns Hopkins University.—Geology.
- SAMUEL L. POWELL, 516 N. Eutaw St.
A. B., Pennsylvania College.—Geology.
- HENRY S. GANE, 718 N. Howard St.
A. B., Amherst.—Geology.



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COLORS MAROON AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL.

M—D—C C C! HOPKINS! HOPKINS! '93!

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Theodore George Ahrens, A. Δ. Φ.	Group I.	Ruxton.
Delaware Clayton André, Student of Law, University of Maryland.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
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William Steenberg Blackford, A. Δ. Φ. Banjo Club, '89-'92. Class Delegate to Matriculate Society, 90-'92.	Group VI.	Baltimore.

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Howard Blake Dowell, Hopkins Scholar, '90-'92. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
John Hooper Edmondson, Φ, Γ, Δ. Editor of Class Book. Class Base Ball Team, '90-'91. Banjo Club, '91-'93. Mandolin Club, '92-'93. Vice-President of Class, '91-'92.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
Wilmot Griffiss, Φ, K, Ψ, Leader of Glee Club, '90-'91. First Tenor in Quartet, '91-'93. Base Ball Team, '90-'93; Captain, '92-'93. Tennis Champion, '91-'92. Substitute, Class Foot Ball Team, '91-'92. Base Ball Committee, '91-'93. House Committee, '92-'93. Board of Directors of Athletic Asso- ciation, '92-'93.—Committee on Athletic Exhibition, '92-'93.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
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Richard Jordan Hancock,	Group V.	Virginia.
John Hampden Hazelton, Vice-President of Class, '92-'93. Class Foot Ball Team, '91-'92. Foot Ball Team, '92-'93.	Group VII.	Washington.
Lloyd Lowndes Jackson, Jr., Φ, Γ, Δ. Substitute, Class Foot Ball Team, '91-'92. Manager of Scrub Foot Ball Team, '92-'93.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
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Walter Daniel Mann,	Group II.	Wisconsin.
Jacob Moses Moses,	Group VI.	Baltimore.

- Clayland Mullikin, Group VI. Maryland.
 Editor-in-Chief of Class Book. Class Executive Committee, '91-'93. Hopkins Scholar, '91-'92. Student of Law, University of Maryland.
- Charles Watson Newhall, B. O. H. Group IV. Illinois.
 Treasurer of Class, '90-'91. Executive Committee of Class, '91-'92. President of Class, '92-'93. Class Base Ball Team, '90-'91. Class Foot Ball Team, '90-'92. Substitute, Foot Ball Team, '92-'93.
- Frederick Bogue Noyes, K. A. Group III. Illinois.
 Reception Committee of Young Men's Christian Association.
- Eugene Lindsay Opie, Φ. K. Ψ. Group III. Baltimore.
 Hopkins Scholar, '90-'91. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '91-'92. Class Historian, '90-'91.
- Clement Andariese Penrose, B. O. H. Group III. Baltimore.
 Committee on Athletic Exhibition, '91.
- Charles Bingham Penrose, Jr., B. O. H. Group IV. Baltimore.
 Executive Committee of Class, '90-'91, '92-'93. Class Delegate to Matriculate Society, '92-'93. Class Tug-of-War Team, '90-'92.
- Charles Carroll Schenck, Group II. Baltimore.
 Editor of Class Book. Executive Committee of Class, '91-'92. Hopkins Scholar, '90-'91. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '91-'92. Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93. Solo Pianist of Banjo Club, '91-'92.
- Siegmund Bacharach Sonneborn, Group VI. Baltimore.
 Editor of Class Book. Class Historian, '91-'92. Class Prophet. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '91-'93.
- Morris Ames Soper, Group VI. Baltimore.
 Editor of Class Book. Secretary of Class, '91-'93. Hopkins Scholar, '90-'91. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '91-'92. Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93.
- Francis Edgar Sparks, Group VI. Maryland.
 Ways and Means Committee of Hopkins Debating Society.
- Alfred Ernest Speirs, Φ. B. K. Group I. Pennsylvania.
- Hugo Paul Thieme, K. A. Group I. Indiana.
- Douglas Hamilton Thomas, Jr., A. Δ. Φ. Group IV. Baltimore.
 President of Class, '90-'91. General Delegate to Matriculate Society, '91-'93. Delegate to Dublin University on 300th Anniversary, '92. Banjo Club, '90-'91. Manager of Banjo Club, '91-'92.
- Edwin Litchfield Turnbull, A. Δ. Φ. Group VI. Baltimore.
 Secretary of Class, '90-'91. Glee Club, '90-'91.

John Ogle Warfield, Φ . Γ . Δ . Editor of Class Book.	Group I.	Baltimore.
Henry Skinner West, K. A. Hopkins Scholar, '91-'92. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93.	Group VII.	Baltimore.
Frederick Wallace Wilson, B. O. H.	Group VI.	Oregon.

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William Robinson Molinard, A. Δ . Φ . Class Foot Ball Team, '91-'92.	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Charles Edward Phelps, Jr., Φ . Γ . Δ . Assistant Business Manager of Class Book. Treasurer of Class, '92-'93. Secretary of Matriculate Society, '92-'93. Reception Committee of Young Men's Christian Association, '91-'92. Class Base Ball Team, '90-'91. Class Foot Ball Team, '90-'92. Manager of Class Foot Ball Team, '91-'92.	Electricity.	Baltimore.
John Hurst Purnell, Φ . Γ . Δ . Assistant Business Manager of Class Book. Captain of Class Base Ball Team, '90-'91. Base Ball Team, '90-'92. Class Foot Ball Team, '90-'92. Substitute, Foot Ball Team, '92-'93. Chairman of Athletic Sports, '93.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
William Bevan Rayner, Φ . O. Ψ . Vice-President of Hopkins Debating Society.	Group VI.	Baltimore.
Arthur Lacy Reese, B. O. H.	Electricity.	Baltimore.
William Frederick Schulz,	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Albert Woelfel, Class Foot Ball Team, '90-'92. Foot Ball Team, '92-'93.	Chemistry.	Illinois.
James Watts Young, Φ . Γ . Δ . Vice-President of Class, '90-'91. Executive Committee of Class, '91-'93. Class Foot Ball Team, '90-'92. House Committee, '90-'92. Executive Council of Young Men's Christian Association, '91-'92.	Electricity.	Washington, D. C.

FORMER MEMBERS.

Harry Netherclift Abercrombie,	Electricity.	Baltimore.
William Baldwin,	History.	Baltimore.
Arthur Douglas Foster, Φ , Γ , Δ .	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Jean Constant Havez,	Group III.	Baltimore.
Roland White Hodges, A , Δ , Φ .	Political Economy.	Baltimore.
Francis Albert Killmon,	Greek and Latin.	Maryland.
Nathan Miller,	Group VI.	Baltimore.
William Jones Morris,	Group VII.	Baltimore.
Henry Brooks Price, Δ , Φ .	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Robert Charles Reuling, Φ , K , Ψ .	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Alan Penniman Smith, Jr., Φ , K , Ψ .	Biology.	Baltimore.
William Ross Thomson,	Group III.	Maryland.







"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

IN beginning this history, it is our intention to depart from the accustomed standard, and to use as our motto, "Veritas vos liberabit," instead of the more usual one, "Mendacia vos liberabit." Bearing this fact in mind, it will not be necessary for the reader to take things with as much circumspection as before, nor will it be necessary for him to take refuge with the realists, and raise his hands in horror at the extravagances of those despised idealists.

Ninety-three's advent into the world was not marked by anything extraordinary. Beyond the booming of a few cannon, no one would have known that the creation of a large and powerful body of men, famed in future, alike for their physical and mental acquirements, was in progress. In fact, we honestly confess, that the sight of the Gym., with its long rows of desks supplied with paper and pens, and the crowd of goggled professors standing around, filled us with terror. It was not until the latter part of our Freshman year that we threw off our reserve and became in every respect worthy of the great career before us. We started in fairly well, for although '92 may have shocked

Prof. Emmott's nerves so severely as to cause his immediate resignation from the exalted position of instructor of morals, '93 did something just as bad—she disturbed the delicate sensibilities of that poet, Dr. Browne, to such an extent, that the care of the dear old class in English was left to the rats and the pigeons.

We believe that there was a spark of ambition visible even then in the breasts of our men. Their aspirations were lofty, innocent, fair—nay, heavenward—and all those conceptions were embodied in their choice of president. Let us leave it a puzzle to our patient readers to determine the personal identity of that president. In recounting the adventures of '93's Junior experience, it will be seen how quickly she departed from that elevated standard, and how she created as chief officer, one whose characteristics were most decidedly aggressive—a man-of-the-world sort of fellow. Of this, more anon. To be sure, there was one act perpetrated by us as *Freshmen*, that gave indications of this downfall. It is as follows:

One sultry evening in May—it might have been known that ghosts were about—a select band of Three-and-nineties assembled, fully equipped, at our rendezvous the Gym., which has formed the theme of so many a tale and legend. They betook themselves, *canes* in hands, to that nymph-like spot, Ford's Opera House. The attraction was then a play called "The Wife," whose intricacies might well prove attractive to the heart of every young student. These intrepid villains walked in, occupied the first few rows of seats in the dizzy heights, and waited for the performance to begin. The curtain arose, the well-intentioned wife appeared on the stage, in the best of humors—the students began to cry; the poor wife, fearing that they were suffering from broken hearts, began now to weep from sympathy, when, would you believe it, these ungrateful boys commenced to grin! Yes, I say, to grin, and moreover, they set up a howl of satisfaction. Thus it was throughout the entire piece—the funny parts bemoaned, and the truly tragic ones smiled upon with favor and delight. This delight took so positive a form that three or four policemen were called in to keep order. Thus matters stood until the middle of the performance, when these youths becoming weary of so much alternation, took up their hats and canes and marched out in a body, giving yell after yell, and setting up consternation on all sides. On getting out, they

presented the rebates which they had received in full faith from the doorkeeper, to a crowd of street urchins, that *they* might go in and sustain the reputation of the J. H. U. Freshmen. Our students feeling thirsty after such exhausting efforts, sought the acquaintance of one of those poetic places of resort which the prohibitionists now-a-days are making such unpoetic efforts to abolish. The nearest of these happened to be directly across the street from the theater. The young sons of Bacchus entered, and succeeded in creating such a commotion that a part of the audience left the play and came over to witness the comedy being performed across the way. This is the introductory chapter in '93's materialism as shown in her career as Junior.

The theme of this Junior year was foot ball; foot ball on the field, where it belonged, and foot ball at the banquet, where it did not belong. We all know the history of the thrilling series of games by which '93 won her laurels and became champion of the J. H. U. It is so fresh in our minds that it is hardly necessary to recall the glorious panorama in all its boldness of outline; but we must make passing mention of it in print, as '92's jealousy closed her eyes so as to render her particularly sensitive to such an honor falling upon a Junior. It must be added that '94 was then too young to appreciate the importance of such an exalted rise to the pinnacle of fame; had she been wiser, she would have been glad enough to share with us some of our renown. Meagre accounts of the games, such as scores, are to be found in the "Hullabaloo;" but owing to the extreme loathsomeness of the subject to '92, it is necessary to caution anyone reading that book to add a good many grains of leaven to his imagination, if he will form in his mind a true picture of the thing.

Let us say a word as to some of our numerous efforts to perfect ourselves in that important branch of the game, rushing. We had been practicing poorly for a time, and as soon as it was learned that '94, the new arrival into the gates of our institution, was to hold a meeting, *here* was an opportunity to make up the deficiency. We looked around for an ally, and found a willing helpmate in the person of '92. The babies had met as usual in College Hall, and were in the midst of a discussion on Woman's Rights, when stealthy steps were heard outside. Instantly a wild rush was made for the doors, with the intention of barricading them fast, but they were behind time. One of '92's members, with great prudence of foresight, had wedged his large foot into the crack between

the doors so that they could not be shut. And now the battle began. With a shout like thunder, '92 came bumping against the door, but to no effect. The muscle of '94 and the rigidity of a long row of chairs stretched from the opposite wall of the room over to the door, were too effective. Nineties -two and -three made another supreme effort, and thanks to the wedge-like properties of that foot, the door yielded, slowly at first, but presently with a crash. It must be remembered that the staircase leading to the room ran quite as far as the door itself, so that those within had a marked advantage in position over those outside. '94 was aware of this, for she threw herself down from chairs and other prominent points upon the enemy with such vehemence, that the whole struggling mass of humanity rolled headlong down the steps and out into the street. A crowd was soon drawn to the spot, among whom came a policeman. This individual, knowing that his honor was at stake, and tully aware of his inability to cope with the crowd as a whole, cast his eye around for the mildest and most inoffensive fellow present. He quickly made up his mind, and seizing upon one of our most prominent members, bore him off in his arms in triumph to the nearest lock-up. When the other Hopkinsites realized what was going on, they repeated, this time towards the officer of the law, their rushing tactics, with such success that their captured man was soon liberated and borne back on the shoulders of the triumphant crowd.

We held two banquets in honor of our foot ball. In the first of these, there were order and intellect—we were too tired out by our recent hard struggles to kick up much fuss. There were speeches from Abercrombie, Sonneborn, Thomas, Ahrens and others; also, quite a notable one from Mr. Mitchell, who said all the pretty things he could think of in reference to our victories. But, beyond the fact of our podospherical *mental* condition, no one would have known that anything but an ordinary feast was going on.

But take a glance at our next banquet, two months later. The spirits of the fellows were let loose then. We were tired of the truce that had been declared some weeks back. We were ready for action. We were bubbling over with suppressed animal spirits, and our actions well carried out their prognostications. The early part of the evening was spent quietly. We assembled at the St. James at eight, very few in number at first, but with better attendance later. Having met in the small parlor upstairs, the dollars were

soon collected; the fee to be augmented by ten cents, as will be seen later. We went then into the supper-room, where our repast was served. The fare was not so elaborate as at our former banquet, but was intended to give one muscle for what was to come, rather than to make epicures of us all. After while, a few remarks were made by Young, Havez, Coburn, Moses and Schenck, under the auspices of Mr. Lee as toast-master, and Mr. Sonneborn's ode to the Alma Mater (A. M. meaning probably two o'clock in the morning) was sung. Half an hour had now passed, and a period of idleness succeeded—a lull before the storm. No one knew what to do. All at once, someone suggests foot ball. The idea is taken up with eagerness. Quick as a flash, the tables are whisked over to the side of the room. The floor is cleared, and all is ready for action. The heaviest and most elephantine of our party throw off their coats and vests, and march to either end of the room, where two rush-lines are formed. The signal is given—they come together with a crash. Legs and arms are seen flying in every direction; shoes come off, buttons burst, and one poor fellow, shocking to say, loses a goodly part of his apparel in the scrimmage. We believe that a hat is in use as the ball, but we are not quite sure. The swarthy caterers who, a few moments before, had rendered most politely their services to the neat young gentlemen, are petrified with terror; they have strong fears of being used as podospheres themselves. But they are not molested, and the game continues without their aid. * * * *

The end is reached at last. The sports fall down from sheer exhaustion; the waiters make their escape, the wounded are cared for, the undressed are dressed, the crumpled hat is straightened out, and after some preparation, the noble body of students file through the door out into the street, and the memorable banquet becomes a remembrance of the past.

The following week, our treasurer, Mr. Jackson, collects Peter's-pence to the amount of ten cents from each man—"To pay for what you fellows broke at that banquet," in tones of deepest envy. (Mr. Jackson, we believe, failed to attend the banquet in question.)

Our third and most important year at College has not been so replete with incidents as might have been expected from the account of our doings as Freshman and Junior. We have been toned down, like a photograph, as it were; we have been polished off, and have become conscious of our proper

dignity as we approach and reach the state of manhood,—in fact, more than one of us asserted his rights last fall in helping put Grover Cleveland into office.

But to every rule there are exceptions, and one or two of us still find time to play their pranks as of old. Prof. E., that highly excitable individual, came into class the other day, wiping the sweat from his brow and giving other indications of intense ardor. "O, I am so hot," said he, "will you please open that window, sir; the thermometer must be nearly 90°." Saying this, he walked across the room to where the thermometer was hanging, to verify his prediction. "50°! O horrors," said he, wringing his hands, "is it so cold?" (Some rascally student had immersed the thermometer in snow.) A change came over the doctor. The sweat left his brow; his face became pale; he hung his head in shame. "Gentlemen, I have told a lie; we will have no class to-day."

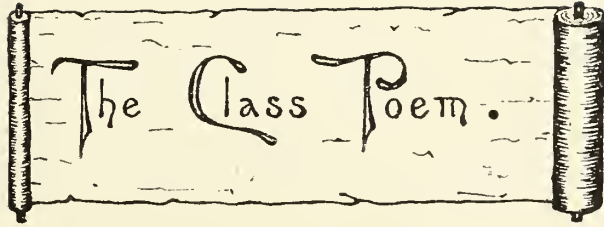
The same trick was played some days later on Scott Gosnell, the savage janitor of our physical laboratory. How did Scott behave? He simply lit a match and melted the snow from the thermometer. Query—who is the more intelligent, Scott Gosnell or Prof. E.?

And what next?

Shall we go on forever, recounting the exploits of this famous class of ours? Unfortunately, we cannot, for our class book is not to be an encyclopedia, nor are we allowed more than five hundred pages in which to express our thoughts. So we must bring our tale to an end and release our patient readers, lest the perusal become wearisome to all except those of the glorious class of '93. Let us end then with an enthusiastic

"M—D—C C C! Hopkins! Hopkins! '93!"





The Class Poem.

The course is run, and we have reached the goal;
Then ere the old class separates and dies,
Let's pass around the brimming, sparkling bowl
And drink to college days, and gayly troll
The jolly songs that college men so prize.

This is the time for one last, perfect thrill
Of college spirit. Here we will revive
Old memories, and many a bitter pill
We had to take we'll now recall, until
Again in days now past we seem to live.

How different all looks, now that it is done,
From what it seemed, when it was just begun!
In those first weeks, when everything was strange,
A certain awe was deep within us stirred:
For great was all whereon the eye could range,
And mighty were the voices that we heard.

Then was this consummation far away:
The tender Freshman has no time to play
With fancies of his graduation day.
Busy enough he's kept in making plain

His firm resolve that here he will remain,
Defying all the hardships of campaign
 Against the upper classman's might and spite.

But with our entrance to the Junior rank,
There came the consciousness of place achieved,
Of dignity acknowledged. Now no fear
Of hateful scorn, or pity, not less sharp,
Disturbed the calm repose our minds possessed.
Upon us then devolved what we hailed
With full delight—the more than pleasant duty
Of making life a burden to the Freshy ;
And sad it was how he his lot bewailed.

The end draws nigh. The closing of the year
Must sever ties grown strong. But now we hear
The promptings of awakened manhood bid
Us forth, before the fire of youth is sped :
For many are the victories to be won,
And staunch the rivals to be overthrown,
To win our laurels from the grudging world.
Youth feels its power, and, radiant with hope
And bounding pulse, it longs with such to cope ;
Nor thinks, by some ill chance it may be backward hurled.

But here to triumph are we come :
 So cast we now aside
 All serious speculation,
 Without more dissertation,
 We greet this happy tide
With a wild song ; and let no voice be dumb.

The final hour has come to pass,
When Uncle Daniel, grant him grace !

Has chanted soft the mystic rite,
That makes of each a bachelor knight.
O, whoop her up! Whoop her up!
Hurrah for Ninety-three!

Our sheeps we have, and our degree:
And from so great a 'Varsity—
What wonder we are filled with glee
And ready for a very spree?
We'll whoop her up! Whoop her up!
Hurrah for Ninety-three!

Our last chance now for a roaring time!
To paint things somewhat is no crime.
'Twould be a shame to separate
Without a fête commensurate;
So whoop her up! Whoop her up!
Hurrah for Ninety-three!

Though some may take the Doctor's course,
Yet most now go for good, perforce;
And never can we after this
Our manhood's dignity dismiss.
Then whoop her up! Whoop her up!
Hurrah for Ninety-three!

Don't we despise the undergrads!
We scorn to notice all such lads.
Drain your cups to the glorious class,
And forget the unnamed, outside mass.
O, whoop her up! Whoop her up!
Hurrah for Ninety-three!

Oh! how our honored Profs
Would frown upon these scoffs!
They'd pity from the bottom of their hearts:

“They think they know it all,
How great will be their fall,
 When they learn a thing or two about the arts!”
Then one: “They quite ignore
The vast amount of lore
 That one must know to master this one branch.”
“Or could they but perceive
How much one must achieve
 To have for *my* position any chance!”
“We felt somewhat that way
On our commencement day,
 You’ll soon recover from that glorious trance.”

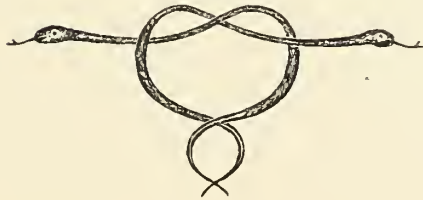
In vain they’d try thus to repress
Our buoyant hearts while we’re at mess,
 And meanly to begrudge
The revelry that we have so well earned.
How best to show our joyfulness,
How far to go in this excess,
 To-night we’ll be the judge.
In the cause of temperance we are not concerned.

Then, fellows, once again now raise
A shout of victory to the praise
 Of dear old Ninety-three.
With luscious wine our glasses fill,
A last, deep toast drink with a will
 To this day of jubilee!

* * * * *

All bright and roseate o’er us breaks the dawn
Of our true life, where each on self relies.
Henceforth, the days of careful guidance gone,
We fall, or by our own strong efforts rise.
To pierce the future’s haze sweet fancy tries :

But, until we ourselves have given it form,
There is no future. That we must devise.
Oh! may life's evening glow as pure and warm
As now its dawning light! And should the dole
Of native strength be small, and swift the roll
Of billows where we plunge into the stream,
Yet bravely strive; let honor e'er control
Our acts, and we shall gain naught but esteem.
Let's first be men; and then, perchance, of greatness dream.



The Class Prophecy.

(Through me you pass into the city of woe.—*Dante.*)

FAR above the common people in the garret of a forty-storied house in the great metropolis of the west, lived *Faustus* Sonneborn, an active and prominent member of the "Amalgamated Association of Poetasters and Hack-writers." Grieved by a social system that provided only lunatic asylums for such persons as himself, and having signally failed to ameliorate it by the publication of innumerable bad poems and prose dramas, he proudly withdrew to the aforesaid heights and condescended to look down upon the mean, contemptible bulk of humanity, only now and then. Strange to say, no one ever visited or missed him except the sausage-makers, who bought his books by the pound. But one fine day in the good year 1953, the busy brain ceased to work, the trembling hand dropped the pen, the old, worn-out machinery stopped short. "Death," the walking-delegate of that great union "Life," had called a strike—a strike never to be broken.

The ever gay and light-hearted Sunny of '93 was dead, deader even than his tame. The lease, which his spirit had held for over eighty years on his body, had run out. The spirit had to move. A carload of sins it took along to its new quarters, and a satchel full of fond recollections.

"Glad to see you!" said St. Porter. "We'll show you a good time here in heaven, and you shall not be the worse off for leaving that doleful earth with its laboratory work, its examinations, its L. E. P.'s and P. H. E.'s! Want to see your parents? Your brothers, your sisters?"

But Sunny shook his head gravely.

"Or, shall I call those beautiful maidens who used to inspire you with love and longing? That blue-eyed German girl? The French girl with coquettish nose, and a mouth ever ready for a kiss or a smile? No?—Then you want your American love! Which one of them?"

Cried Sunny with his usual stentorian voice: "I have had a surfeit of girls, of flirtation and love-making. But what I long for is that of which I could not get enough hitherto—the company of my former classmates, the friendship of my fellow students! I long to see again the old class of '93, for all its members have departed before me, and left me as the last leaf falling from a withered tree."

As dark clouds overspread a bright and friendly summer sky, sadness overspread the face of St. Porter when he answered:

"All hope abandon if thou enterest here, for here is not a single one of them, not even Clarke, though he was a goodly bar-tender; not even Brock, though he was an eminent intemperance preacher; not even handsome Sparks, though he improved so wonderfully that he could serve for many years as Brock's 'horrible example.' It was all Coburn's fault. Of a ferocious disposition by nature, he broke indiscriminately the necks of bottles and the hearts of pretty girls. After a few summer months of such malpractice, justice overtook him, and he was sentenced to stop smoking cigarettes. Instantaneous death followed, and the winsome youth was obliged to call at our door. Before he entered heaven, however, he asked me whether he would be allowed to smoke here. I refused him permission. 'What drinks have you?' he asked, and I told him that we had Nectar and Ambrosia. 'Why don't you add Sars'p'rilla to your choice collection?' he retorted, and proceeded to withdraw. But I called him back and offered to pass our female angels before him in review. Alas! his taste was depraved. When he saw the spirit of Mrs. St—t, which is as pure as a distilled solution of H. N. O., as unblemished and transparent as a returned U-tube, he hurried away never to be seen again."

"And whither did he go?" inquired Sunny, "For I must find him, see him, speak with him and all the others." And he clutched St. Porter's bony arm in intense excitement.

"You too, you too, will go to hell!" sighed St. Porter, and directed Sunny to a narrow, rugged path, which he followed with a vengeance.

"Hell-oh!" "Who's there?" "It's me." "Who's me?"

"The last of the Maroon and White."

"Welcome!" shouted a thousand voices, and the jaws of hell yawned wide, and the spirit crawled in. A class yell, and a ge-he-ge-ha, went up with the

sulphurous vapors and made the gigantic walls tremble. Forward came Coburn and led the new-comer to a separate cavern—the dwelling place of about seventy creatures. Sunny recognized in them his former classmates, of whom Coburn seemed to be the president and reception-committee, since he was gaudily attired in a pair of garters and a night-gown, with a boa-constrictor as a four-in-hand. He invited Sunny to take in the new sights and exchange greetings with his old friends.

“You were as clever as the rest of our boys,” he said, “in dropping down from that wearisome place above. Here we have at least gay nights, although in day-time we are kept pretty close.”

And with this he pointed out Dorsey and Ahrens, who were surrounded by a number of imps, and he explained it was the hardest thing for a devil to speak English correctly and fluently, and, that those two gentlemen had been selected from a large number of d—d elocutionists to teach it, since their language was peculiarly fit for the nether world.

As they turned to the right, Coburn exclaimed:

“How are you, Dug Thomas, to-day? Got as big a head on you as usual?” Indeed it was Douglas, bony and towering as sixty years ago. Before him was a peculiar structure which appeared to be a city in miniature; and, with a heavy brush he was trying to sweep away the nightly darkness that lay upon it. “Dug was a great painter in his days,” continued Coburn, “and his fame extended in many directions in his native city. Now, he has the privilege to live up to his ideal: He is forever painting the town red.”

Suddenly Sunny raised his head, breathed several times heavily, held his nose with his left and seized with his other hand Coburn’s *costume de rigueur* with such eagerness that there was henceforth a break in its continuity.

“Into what cursed region are we passing now?” Sunny exclaimed. “It smells awfully! Do you manufacture here the renowned ‘Odor of Sanctity?’”

“I thought you were used to that sort of thing,” said Coburn with a smile. “Don’t you remember? Political Science? Dimley—Kinley? It is the gas escaping out of Langfeld’s head! He supplies all hell, and, if we could come to terms he might supply heaven too, for his resources are inexhaustible.”

Gladly and quickly they left the gas factory and came to a big place looking very much like a circus. The spectators were not numerous indeed, but the

show was good. The centre of attraction was a big elephant. It was called "Public Opinion," and all our classmates who had been versed in the law, dressed up as clowns and buffoons, were busied about the huge animal. Rayner had been helped upon its back and was sitting there with anything but an air of satisfaction and security. He was looking out for trouble, and evidently afraid of the manipulations of his colleagues of whom Mullikin applied himself with earnest zeal to turning and twisting the trunk of the elephant, whilst Soper directed his untiring efforts to its valise. Moses, Lee and Edmonson were tickling "Public Opinion" wherever they thought it had a spot susceptible to such sensations. Now, and then, Andrews came forward, hurling in Balfouric fashion an arrow of wit poisoned with malice at the elephant, which caused the big animal to roll uneasily about, unseating his trembling rider and trampling his ticklers unmercifully under foot. Their screams of woe re-echoed from the high roof of the circus, and formed the triumphal march to the sound of which, Andrews, in his turn, climbed upon the broad back of "Public Opinion."

However, Budge Lee was undismayed. Whenever he had been badly sat upon, he rallied quickly to look after his many clients. In fulfilling these remunerative duties, he used extensively a book entitled: "Advice for young mothers and nurses." This treatise in hand, to give you an example, he stood outside of a race track in another part of the circus, and gave legal, maternal, fraternal, paternal, and all other sorts of advice to an individual whom Sunny scarcely recognized as Billy Blackford. He was hunting for all he was worth after some phantoms in petticoats—some she-devils. In the steadfast pursuit of this vocation, his frame had grown thinner, his legs still longer. With a knowing smile on his face Sunny turned toward his cicerone: "Billy, still running after girls?"

And Coburn nodded.

Then they passed on and found Havez, whom the late arrival thought the most heavily punished of all. Havez had driven several people mad, and others had become wicked by mere ennui through hearing his many twice-told tales. And alas for him, that Edison had invented the phonograph, for now poor Havez was seated before such an instrument which repeated forever and ever all the bad, old, dilapidated stories he had poured into the ears of innocent people on earth. Verily, he suffered agonies!

Sunny found therefore, a certain relief in the contemplation of an allegory

enacted nearby. On a high stage was seated the firm, Jackson, Purnell & (a big Co., all those of our classmates who had excelled their life long in diligence and industry. They were fighting a giant who bore the rather funny name "Tempus." He had clasped their fingers into his big fist, and in spite of their kicking and yelling, and their unintermitted efforts to kill him, "Tempus" was forever hanging heavily on their hands.

Then Sunny turned toward the spectators, and found among them the physicians of our class. Their facial expressions indicated anything but happiness and bodily ease. Their eyes were glaring, their nostrils trembling, their lips were gray as dawn, their chattering teeth provided the music for a jig which some imps were dancing on their heads. Thick drops of perspiration rolled from their cold foreheads, whilst their hands furrowed their hair. Sunny asked Coburn about their conduct on earth and their punishment after death, and the following was told him:

"After Opie and Hamburger had graduated from the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, and thus had become legally empowered to kill any man, woman or child that had the bad luck to fall sick, a big boom followed in the business of undertakers and livery stables. The dry goods merchants, too, did an enormous business, for the demand for black crêpe rose steadily, and black indeed became the color of the city. But Hamburger's and Opie's strenuous labors to reduce the number of inhabitants were counteracted by the laudable activity of the Penrose brothers, Reuling, Doughty and other specialists, who brought it about that Baltimore, in point of population, came next after Chicago and New York. They make such faces because some stray devil has picked up their own prescriptions and Lucifer makes them now swallow their own bitter pills. Some humor in it."

"Some justice, too!" said the other sententiously, and onward they went to where an august assembly was sitting on red-hot benches, under the awful shadow of the tree, Pedantry. There they sat, the great mathematician, Schenck, who had been so absent-minded on earth that whenever he stepped on his own foot through awkwardness, and that happened often, he used to say: "I beg your pardon, sir;" the profound expounder of holy writ, Kelso; Warfield, the economist, who exemplified the profound theory, "Now you see it, now you don't," by the successive appearances and disappearances of his mustache; Hancock,

who had penetrated to the very core of the science of raising cabbages, pigs and other cattle, and had, by his deep penetrative powers, discovered several improvements in his line; and finally, Thompson, the itinerant lecturer on esthetics and good behavior. None of these gentlemen was without some M. A., or I. D., or E. N., or other title. Their only punishment was the awful contemplation of their works on earth, and the reading of the record in which the innumerable curses their pupils had invoked upon their heads were inscribed.

Then the jolliest man of all came into sight. Had not his office been a furnace and his editorial chair a rock of burning phosphor, Sunny would have thought Griffiss to be a happy spirit. He was the editor-in-chief of the "Journal de Hell." As this is an evening paper and Sunny arrived at sunset, he could peruse the last edition. The following items will suffice to give an idea of its high moral tone and its great literary merit:

"Great revolution in England. Socialism established. Nobility and Plutocracy killed. Charon is unable to convey all the applicants for passage over the Styx; he shall be assisted, therefore, by Messrs. Hazleton and Abercrombie, who both can make a good run and stand a hard rush. For that reason, the usual foot ball game with the imps will be suspended, and the dear ladies have to look out for some other sport."

Under the heading, "Private Grievs," the following touching words were published:

"Mr. Full Gorge invokes Lucifer to grant him a respite. He thinks himself unfairly treated in comparison with others. His punishment is cruel. In spite of his infernal thirst, he is compelled to drink pure water—without alcohol."

"In like manner, Mr. Cox objects to being compelled to wash his face and comb his hair every morning. He is a dude without those luxuries, and suffers already enough from the arrows of love and the fiery glances of young damsels."

"Mr. Dowell applies for a change of air—somewhere where only grass-widowers are allowed. At present, Mrs. Dowell, his former trimming-woman, is with him, and makes even this place too hot for him. She anticipated his death simply to prepare a snug little corner for him in hell. O Love, thy name is — —"

“But,” says the “Journal de Hell,” in another place, “not with insulted dudes, not with hen-pecked husbands, the list of the Maroon-and-White closes. No; proudly we could record the triumph of other members of that class, members whose names it is better to withhold. For, lo! they reign supreme in the nether world; they run the lower house; they command the legions of evil spirits; they control the armies of imps. Yea! even Lucifer, the lord of hell, obeys their bidding, for they were greater devils even than himself.”



The Divorce.

[The Editors have had great difficulty in unravelling the mystery which enshrouds the picture on the following page. Very anxious to make this book, inclusive of the contributions of the Juniors, as intelligible as possible, they give their readers the full benefit of their laborious research.]

I.

Wer eilet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.

II.

Son mari, son enfant—elle aimait tous les deux ;
Mais il-y-avait un autre, qu'elle aimait mieux.

III.

And who is he who drinks his beer?
He called her "darling," she called him "dear."



THE PALM

MAMILES
-94-

Class of '94.

COLORS - - - - - SCARLET AND BLACK.

CLASS YELL.

WAH! HOO! WAH!—WAH! HOO! WAH!
NINETY-FOUR!—NINETY-FOUR! RAH! RAH! RAH!

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Vice-President, ROBERT A. DOBBIN.
Secretary, THOMAS W. HASTINGS.
Treasurer, JOHN W. CORNING.
Class Historian, L. WARDLAW MILES.

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John Paul Bachmann,	I	Baltimore.
William Stevenson Baer, Φ . K . Ψ .	III	Baltimore.
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Benjamin Howell Griswold, Jr., A. Δ. Φ.	II	Baltimore.
Arthur Hancock,	V	Virginia.
Thomas Wood Hastings, Φ. Κ. Ψ.	III	New Jersey.
Conrad Augustine Hauser,	I	Baltimore.
Joshua Horner, Jr., X. Φ.	I	Baltimore.
James Edmundson Ingram, Jr., Φ. Γ. Δ.	VI	Maryland.
William Jackson Johnson,	I	Baltimore.
Andrew Ellicott Maccoun,	II	Baltimore.
Ernest Pendleton Magruder, Κ. Α.	III	Maryland.
Harry Taylor Marshall, A. Δ. Φ.	III	Baltimore.
Louis Wardlaw Miles, A. Δ. Φ.	III	Baltimore.
Julian Sidney Morss,	I	Pennsylvania.
David Marion Newbold, Jr.,	VI	Baltimore.
William Albert Nitze, Φ. Γ. Δ.	V	Baltimore.
James Piper, Jr., Δ. Φ.	IV	Baltimore.
John Eugene Howard Post, A. Δ. Φ.	II	Maryland.
Milton Reizenstein,	VI	Baltimore.
William Whitall Requardt,	III	Baltimore.
Franklin Roberts,	IV	Baltimore.
Frank Ray Rutter,	VI	Baltimore.
Robert Zeller Spickler,	V	Baltimore.
Simon Stein,	VI	Baltimore.
Emerson H. Strickler,	III	Pennsylvania.
Joseph Pembroke Thom, Jr., Δ. Φ.	II	Baltimore.
George Harvey Trull,	I	Baltimore.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	RESIDENCE.
Clinton Gambrill Tudor,	II	Baltimore.
Malcolm Van Vechten Tyson,	II	Maryland.
Horace Scudder Uhler,	II	Baltimore.
Geo. Talbott Whitfield,	VI	Florida.
Perē Letherbury Wickes, Jr., Δ. Φ.	VI	Baltimore.
William Wingert,	V	Maryland.
Chester Clark Wood,	II	Washington.

SPECIALS.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	RESIDENCE.
Walter Sisson Amoss,	Chemistry.	Baltimore.
Sidney Bertrand Austin,	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Harry Bissing,	Electricity.	Baltimore.
John Woodside Corning, Φ. Γ. Δ.	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Lewis Warrington Cottman, Δ. Φ.	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Harvey Cavendish Darrell,	Electricity.	Baltimore.
Francis C. Newton, K. A.	Chemistry.	Washington.
Theodore Solomon Straus,	Electricity.	Baltimore.
John Saunders Taylor, Δ. Φ.	Electricity.	Virginia.
Frank McStocker Thomas, Φ. K. Ψ.	Electricity.	Pennsylvania.
Edward Shriver Tompkins, A. Δ. Φ.	Chemistry, Etc.	Baltimore.
Charles I. Wendt,	Biology and Pathology.	Pennsylvania.

NEW MEMBERS.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	RESIDENCE.
W. B. Usilton,	Electricity.	Maryland.
A. M. Agelasto,	Electricity.	Virginia.
Nathaniel E. Griffin,	II.	Baltimore.
Nathaniel H. Morrison,	Special—History, Etc.	Baltimore.
William O. Forbes, K. A.	VI.	Kansas.
John Phelps, Φ. Γ. Δ.	VI.	Baltimore.

'94 Class History.

ACCORDING to the oft-quoted and time-honored proverb, "History repeats itself," but whether the unknown framer of this trite saying had the striking similarity which pervades all *class* histories especially in view, we are unable to say. One exception must certainly be made in the case of the glorious class of '94, whose history is too replete with original incidents and adventures, and "moving accidents by flood and field (foot ball), and escapes from the deadly flunk," to repeat itself, any more than does the poet whose words we have just quoted.

The class of '94 did not wait until October to doff the garb of Freshman and don in its place the graver garments of the Junior. It was in those happy, lazy days of June, when our first year at J. H. U. had ended with the anguish of the "Finals;" it was even in this tired time that '94 showed how she realized the responsibility of her new position of Junior class. For, behold, into the Gym. crowd a timid throng of applicants for membership within the walls of our Alma Mater! With grave forebodings does '94 perceive into what weak hands must fall the care of the lustrous fame which *she* has given to the Freshman class. Nevertheless, she sees her duty toward these ignorant sub-Freshmen,—as yet only in the Gastula and Blastula stages of this embryonic class egg,—and starts her work of instructing them with care and skill. As each wondering youth turns his back upon his matriculation and emerges from the Gym.'s spacious portal, he is received into gentle but firm hands, which convey him to parts before unknown with speed, velocity, force, impact and momentum all at once. "What Revelation is to the Race, Education is to the Individual." And after the thorough physical examinations, vocal and terpsichoric, which ensued, the education of each individual must certainly have thrown a light of revelation on this whole race of helpless innocents, a revelation of many things Hopkinsian which hitherto they knew not. Unfortunately, it was a light that

soon failed, for certain members of "Ye Faculty," hearing the great shouting and fearing an untimely extinction of their next autumn's Freshmen, rushed in and put a rapid motion of adjournment before the meeting.

After her first college vacation, '94 reassembled in October with merry greetings and warm salutations. Most of the members had sunburned noses, a few had gained whiskers, several had lost their hearts. What a jolly week or so it was at first! Nothing to do but loaf in the tennis court, or sit on the iron fence and watch Levering Hall creep up Little Ross Street at the rate of speed ($\frac{1}{4}$) with which we would be hurrying up the hill to Lab. in a few weeks. College started in earnest only too soon. '92 had left us, and '93 now essayed the role of Seniors. Between the solidified petrification which characterized the state of college feeling in this Senior class, and the verdantly rank immaturity of the Freshmen, the growing strength and activity of the Junior class proved in truth a golden mean.

The class meeting for the election of our officers of the ensuing year was soon called. If, as the writing on the wall in our library tells us, "History is Past Politics," it might be well at this point to devote this class history to the interesting and rather complex political situations which were to be observed in this meeting. But this is not constitutional history, and it suffices to say that the unanimity of '94 was admirably exemplified in the common choice which resulted in our present able body of executive officers.

Meanwhile we are advancing on our Argonaut-like journey for the coveted Golden Fleeces of our sheep-skins. No longer confined within the narrow walls of P. H. E. (which, being interpreted, meaneth Perfectly Harmless Enjoyments), we push out into the broader and fairer fields of knowledge, and become scattered in different directions, each seeking that particular pasture, quarry or grove to which is devoted his labor and worship. Let us trust that therein may have been found those things which shall refresh and strengthen us at a later day, on the more dusty high-roads of life. At the present writing, rumor has it that the manager of last year's menagerie and circus will meet us again next year. Shades of Milton and Macaulay! Let us trust that when we reassemble in the dingy halls of L. E. P. (which, being interpreted, meaneth Labor Everlasting and Poppycock), we shall not reassemble as Seniors to C. Alphonso.

In athletics, the old question of 'Varsity versus Class Teams was agitated as usual, but was, fortunately, not decided in the usual way. Justly can '94 claim that she surrendered the most probable chance of winning the inter-class championship, that she might see started the larger career of a 'Varsity Team. Proudly can she look upon the best foot ball team that ever fought for the Black and Blue, and to which she contributed as many men as both '93 and '95 together. In the Athletic Exhibition, also, she will win twice as many medals as the other classes, for that is what she did last year.

From the brilliant success of the previous year, it was unanimously agreed that we should have not one, but *four*, of those genial repasts in which the feast of wisdom and flow of wit mingle so gracefully with the more material beer and savory viands. Under the charge of such a banquet committee as only '94 can produce, and with the wisdom of age and experience now added to the natural brilliancy of our parts, what could our banquets be but wild success?

Our Malcolm out-smilaxed Smilax in the impassioned torrent of words which characterized his masterly dissertation on the faculty. Our Reizenstein, a Milton both in name and nature, smote us speechless with his sharp, terse, epigrammatic fire. Little J. Horner left his corner to address us in far more elaborate oratory than the simple old rhyme relates. The back county, represented by "3-Fingered Hoover," was heard from, and declared triumphantly for Harrison and Protection (of Hoover's Infant Beer Industry). "The Count" spoke feelingly on Lovely Woman, and told us what fair hands he had held in his. "Buck" and "Rec" (the total wreck) were not silent. While around, above and into each and all ever flashed the mad wit of Newbold. With true Italian art has our popular post-prandial photographer (*alias* "The Dago") preserved the scene; but who, alas, could bottle the piquant persiflage, the raking repartee, the brilliant badinage which passed from lip to lip? Like specimens in the Biological Lab., only alcohol can preserve them—for, verily, our Fame is not writ in Water—neither does it rest on Sand as does that of a certain modest (?) Freshman class, nor on Brass as does that of a retiring Senior organization.

From the sublime it is but a step to the far less impressive, and so it is natural to record that shortly after our own Symposium, the members of '95, with that laudable spirit of imitation which so often takes the place of origi-

nality in immature minds, announced *their* intention of holding a banquet. Now, it must be understood, that this class of '95 differed from any former class, in that out of the mouths of these babes and sucklings no class yell had ever proceeded. Only one member of this mysterious congregation possessed the power of speech, and this remarkable individual, who is much Blacker than he is painted, made up pretty well for the rest.

After the silent modesty which had hitherto marked the conduct of these "mute swans," or rather, ugly ducklings, their bold declaration of banqueting intentions created universal surprise. In the meantime, '94 had a certain maxim, which recommends *Reverentia maxima pueris*, too well in mind to allow any exuberance of childish spirits to become the excuse for wicked dissipation in this innocent fold. As a damper on their otherwise too great hilarity, the Toast-master and Money-collector (the little fellow had his pocket full of pennies when we found him) was seized by '94, and St. James refusing "to waive the pecuniary emolument" for their supper, '95 sat down to that repast with light pocket-books and heavy hearts. After their saddened feast, they hurried forth and finally rescued their little friend. Let not unearned tears of pity fall upon the Toast-master, gentle reader. "He had just as good a time as if he'd been at his own banquet, and didn't have to pay anything, either." It should be added that at the next Junior banquet, a similar attempt to destroy *our* festivities failed signally. Imitation is the highest praise of — Freshmen.

Unlike our saintly predecessors, '91, '92 and '93, our class has broken allegiance with St. James, whose popularity, like St. John's, is rather below par in '94. To no saint, save one, does '94 give homage, and *She* alone is the patron saint of our goodly class. Her *presence* is ever in the Junior's heart (not in co-education), and is, like the crammed page of a text-book during examinations, "tho' lost to sight, to memory dear." Her *embodiment* is in those many fair images at whose feet the idolatrous Junior kneels and worships. Words fail the humble historian on so moving a subject. Fain would he drop his pen into the hand of some bolder class-mate—"Skinny," or "The Count," or "Reuben." As this may not be, he desires to lay this imperfect history where already lies the Palm, and pray that she, at whose feet he places it, may exert her saintly power of absolution, and forgive its many sins of omission and commission.



JAN.

To her success.

E. B. 05

Class of '95.

COLORS

BLUE AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL.

HI! YI! YI!—HA! HA! HA!
 HOPKINS! '95! RAH! RAH! RAH!

OFFICERS OF '95.

<i>President,</i>	LAWRASON BROWN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	R. CARLL FOSTER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	JOHN A. ROBINSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	CAMPBELL E. WATERS.
<i>Historian,</i>	GEORGE K. STILES.
<i>Executive Committee,</i>	{ S. S. JANNEY. W. H. CRAMPTON. J. H. THOMAS.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	MEMBERS.	GROUP.
Austin, Shirley P., Φ. K. Ψ.	Special.	Branch, C. H. Hardin	I.
Ballagh, Wilbur W., B. O. H.	VI.	Brown, Lawrason, Φ. K. Ψ.	IV.
Bansemer, William L.	VI.	Buckler, Warren, A. Δ. Φ.	III.
Bateman, William H.	Special.	Burton, Robert	Special.
Black, Hanson B.	I.	Calhoun, Andrew P.	Special.
Boude, Bethel	Special.	Carroll, Charles	Special.
Branch, B. Harrison	Special.	Carson, Ernest H.	I.

MEMBERS.	GROUP.	MEMBERS.	GROUP.
Clark, Charles B., Φ . κ . Ψ .	VI.	Parker, John D., Δ . Φ .	VI.
Coblens, Gilbert A.	VI.	Peirce, Robert L., κ . A.	II.
Crampton, Warren H., Φ . κ . Ψ .	VI.	Pindell, David S.	II.
Emerich, B. Frank	VI.	Pleasants, J. Hall, Jr., A. Δ . Φ .	III.
Fisher, Edward M., Δ . Φ .	II.	Poetter, Gustavus R.	I.
Forbes, William Olin, κ . A.	VI.	Pollak, Francis D.	VI.
Foster, R. Carll, Φ . T. Δ .	II.	Robinson, John A., Φ . T. Δ .	VI.
Friedman, Leo V.	VI.	Rosenheim, Sylvan	III.
Fugette, Leedom S.	Special.	Rusk, Glanville Y., Φ . Θ . Ψ .	III.
Gray, George H.	III.	Smoot, Charles D., B. Θ . II.	Special.
Greenbaum, Milton D.	VI.	Stiles, George K.	VI.
Harvey, Roland B., Δ . Φ .	Special.	Strobel, Edgar R.	III.
Hubner, Harry H., Φ . T. Δ .	Special.	Thomas, J. Hanson, A. Δ . Φ .	III.
James, G. Oscar	II.	Thomson, Curtis H.	Special.
Janney, Stewart S., Δ . Φ .	VII.	Torrence, Bertie M., Δ . Φ .	II.
Kaufman, Marcus	VI.	Umstadter, Jacob M.	VI.
Kilvert, Charles A., A. Δ . Φ .	VI.	Waters, Campbell E., Φ . T. Δ .	IV.
Kraft, Herman F.	I.	Watkins, Arthur C., Φ . κ . Ψ .	I.
Latané, Samuel P.	Special.	Whitaker, Henry A.	V.
Long, Ellis B., A. Δ . Φ .	Special.	Williams, William W., A. Δ . Φ .	II.
McClung, J. Louis	Special.	Williams, Henry	Special.
Mullen, Joseph H.	Special.	Williams, Thomas	Special.
Oliver, Edward S.	VI.	Witte, George W., κ . A.	III.



'95 Class History.

THE writing of a Freshie Class History, would, under ordinary circumstances, be a difficult thing. Thanks be to the gods! that '95 has within herself such men as not to necessitate the violent strain on the imagination and nervous system which has had such a pernicious effect on the intellects of former Freshie Historians. All honor be to '94! The class which first raised the glorious Banner of Emancipation. What, if she failed! Did John Brown live to see the negroes the owners of the earth? She failed, yet her mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders, and it has become the proud duty and great pleasure of '95 to place the Banner of Freedom upon the topmost pinnacle of Success. One might naturally question where the history of '95, as a class, as a factor in history, and as a mighty power in the intellectual world commences.

As I glance backward, peering into the mist which surrounds the birth of this famous and honored class, I behold a long line of students assembled before gods and men, making ready for the annual summer theatre party. Even here, '95, though young, was not altogether wanting, despite yells of "Freshies" and repeated banging over the head, perpetrated principally by Juniors who doubtless did so with secret joy, remembering their own experiences of the year before. Glance down the long column: at the end you see a confused mass of men, thrust into this position by the Seniors. Gaze well upon them! There are those with whose praises the halls of learning and the arenas of athletics have since rung. There is Brown with his broad shoulders and frank face. Bold as a lion in the field, timid as the hare in a drawing room. Fearing neither man or devil, yet, like Samson and Hercules, subdued by a woman's touch and a woman's tears. The man who had the ball nearly the whole game in which the Black and Orange bowed before the Black and Blue. Hail to thee, O Brown of Browns, I salute thee! Next upon the shining roll of fame we see the name of Janney—the bright-faced lad, a 19th century Apollo with his red cheeks and fluffy hair. He and Brown made running 'round the ends almost an impossibility.

But veracity demands that the few spots upon the fame of '95 should here be set down. However, they are like spots upon the sun, invisible to the casual

observer. "Way last June in the month of May," as Horace so aptly puts it in his famous ode to a "Sunflower," a timid child named Bansemer was seized by '94 when unaccompanied by a chaperone. He was forced, ah, cruel fate! to absorb through a straw with a hole through it, a glass of foaming nut-brown ale. Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths, but B. must have had a large-sized soup ladle in his. Another unfortunate Freshman was forced by evil-minded Juniors to undergo a physical examination, in which, however, they were unassisted by the "Colonel." When this agony was over, the humorous Juniors playfully turned the hose upon the garmentless Freshman, who, nevertheless, in a spirit of contrariness refused to see the joke. He has hated water ever since. The only Freshman who was really maltreated was the illustrious Bow-wow. This could never have been done save that '95 had in a way connived at the proceeding. One afternoon, the Freshman, who seemed in some way to have incurred the unanimous displeasure of the Juniors, was seized by them and carried into the Gym. There, before the eyes of the assembled multitude, and amid the jeers and scoffs of the Juniors, the unhappy Freshman was hoisted upon that instrument of torture—the swinging rings. Yet, even in this perilous position, the Freshman retained his freshness and gazed undauntedly forth upon the tennis fiend Reddy, with his usual companions in crime. This, however, had no effect upon Bow-wow, and several Juniors wished to repeat the dose, but '95 did not permit it.

Despite the threats of '94 the Freshmen determined to have a banquet, and let it be understood—they had it! Finding that '95 was not to be intimidated, the wretched Juniors upon the night of the banquet captured an unoffending Freshman, and despite his protests and struggles, carried him off to a place frequented only by such as themselves. Telegrams, messages and threats poured in upon the Freshmen, but without avail. They were to have a banquet and the failure of one member to put in his appearance did not interfere with their enjoyment. They held their banquet, and to their honor be it said, they behaved like gentlemen and Christians. Not one of '95 was seized with sunstroke or coma produced by internal applications. It was quite the reverse with '94—poor young things. While roaming about town the '94 men were captured by '95, and doubtlessly all would have received sound thrashings but that their condition was such as to excite pity rather than enmity.

Such was '94's futile effort to break up '95's banquet. But the end was not yet. A deep resentment burned with ever increasing vigor in the hearts and souls of sundry members of '95. Upon the night during which '94 was to feast herself, a member of the banquet committee did not put in his appearance. '94, engaged in the brutal satisfaction of their appetites, did not trouble themselves very much over this member's absence, although it resulted in the leaving over of a large quantity of liquid food. Ah! but if '94 could have known what was being done under the friendly cover of night's dark mantle, would she have been so complaisant in the enjoyment of her supper? What was going on will now be faithfully detailed by an eye-witness of the events.

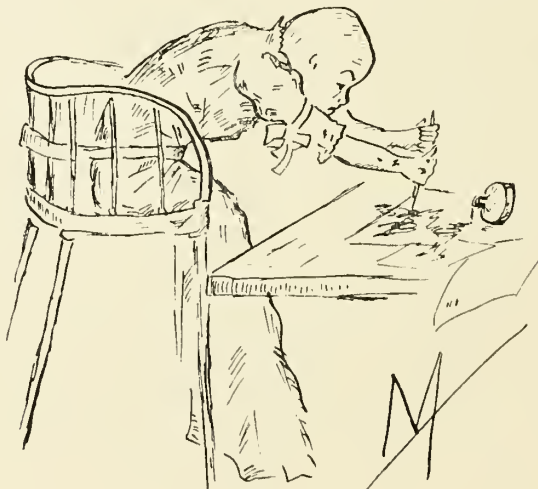
A few members of '95, about 25 in number, might have been seen near 8 o'clock on this momentous evening, hovering about the corners lying adjacent to St. Paul and Eager Streets. Many curious glances were cast at them by the passers-by. They were divided and stationed with reference to a certain house. The unfortunate and unsuspecting Junior was wrapped in a net within whose folds he was fated to be ensnared. He was captured, and that without a struggle, despite the bloodthirsty threats to which he had repeatedly given utterance. With that adaptation of himself to circumstances for which he is noted, the captured Junior declared at once that he felt honored by this attention on the part of '95, as well he might. Unresisting he was shown the town with which he was, however, already thoroughly acquainted. He passed a very pleasant evening, and that same night was heard to declare to his class president, in tones thick from suppressed feeling or from some other cause, that '95 had treated him white. As, why should they not, since one and all upon that memorable occasion agreed he was "a jolly good fellow." The great mass of '94 was unconscious that night of the great insult which had been perpetrated by the "Freshies." '94's president received a note from the captured Junior stating the truth of the matter, but with great presence of mind and the ready tact for which Willie is famous, he merely stated that the Junior in question was unavoidably detained. It is well he did so, for had '94 but guessed that the despised Freshmen had played them such a scurvy trick, surely they would have gone mad with chagrin. "But pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction." Such is fate!

We cannot help reminding our reader, though we feel it is unnecessary, of

the great work just published by the Rev. Wharton Parkhurst McClung. The title of the work is, "Religion—is it evolved or revealed?" It is in 16 volumes, and whoever will show convincing evidence of having read it through, will receive a house and lot in the beautiful and prosperous suburb of Waverly. Of late, Herr Hermann Kraft has been exhibiting a most exquisite coat-of-arms. It consists of a charming cherub with large feet, in a field of blue, just touching an interlinear copy of Livy, and the motto in golden characters reads thus: "Io triumphe," which, being interpreted, is "I come in triumph."

We should also record that Mr. Edward Fisher obtained one (1) in Major Tennis; likewise he has received the degree of Ph. D. from the Faculty of the Pot Socials, whose president is known as the "Colonel." Kauffmann, also, must not be omitted, who will sing his history lesson, and winds up each verse with the beautiful refrain "Where am I at?" Oliver, also, to whom all eyes turn when no one knows his history, and '95 breathes a sigh of relief when they hear the welcome words, "Well, Mr. Oliver, what do you think?" Not that his thoughts are always pertinent to the question, for when he gets through *thinking*, you are as apt to be discussing "Is Marriage a Failure?" as "Domestic Help a Social Problem." But space forbids that we record more of the doings of this famous class. Future biographers will collect these youthful traits of '95 men grown famous.

E. FINIS.



Our Alumni.

The Editors have assured themselves that news concerning those whom this glorious University of ours has sent forth in former years will be of interest to all. We, therefore, insert the record of the first few classes which received their Ph. D. degree, hoping that following class-books will carry on the good work and complete the list.

(When the institution is not named, the Johns Hopkins University is to be understood. (F) indicates that the person has held a Fellowship here. *—Died.)

1878.

Henry Carter Adams, (F), A. B., Iowa, 1874, Instructor, 1879-81, Lecturer and Associate Professor in Cornell University, 1879-87.—Professor of Political Economy and Finance, University of Michigan; Statistician, Interstate Commerce Commission; Lecturer in Finance.

Thomas Craig, (F), C. E., Lafayette, 1875, U. S. Coast Survey, 1879-81, Instructor, Associate and Associate Professor, 1879-92.—Professor of Pure Mathematics.

Josiah Royce, (F), A. B., University of California, 1875, Assistant Professor of English Literature, University of California, 1878-82.—Professor of the History of Philosophy, Harvard University.

Ernest Gottlieb Sihler, (F), Concordia, 1869, Professor in Concordia College, Milwaukee, 1891-92.—Acting Professor of Latin, University of the City of New York.

1879.

Maurice Bloomfield, (F), A. M., Furman, 1877, Associate and Associate Professor, 1881-89.—Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology.

Samuel Fessenden Clark, (F), Ph. B., Yale, 1878, Assistant, 1879-81.—Professor of Natural History, Williams College.

George Bruce Halsted, (F), A. B., Princeton, 1875, Tutor and Instructor, Princeton, 1878-84.—Professor of Mathematics, University of Texas.

Edward Hart, (F), S. B., Lafayette, 1874.—Professor of Analytical Chemistry, Lafayette College.

William White Jacques, (F), S. B., Mass. Inst. of Technology, 1876.—Instructor in Telegraph Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Henry Sewall, (F), S. B., Wesleyan, 1876, Hon. M. D., University of Michigan, 1888, M. D., University of Colorado, 1889, Associate in Biology, 1880-82, Professor in the University of Michigan, 1882-89.—Lecturer in Physiology, University of Denver.

1880.

Francis Greenleaf Allison, (F), A. B., Haverford, 1876, A. B., Harvard, 1877, Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, Haverford College, 1880-82.—Acting Professor of Ancient Languages, Williams College.

Fabian Franklin, (F), Ph. B., Columbian, 1869, Assistant, Associate and Associate Professor, 1879-92.—Professor of Mathematics.

Edwin Herbert Hall, (F), A. B., Bowdoin, 1875, Assistant, 1880-81, Instructor at Harvard, 1881-88.—Assistant Professor of Physics, Harvard University.

Allan Marquand, (F), A. B., Princeton, 1874.—Professor of Archaeology and the History of Art, Princeton College.

Washington Irving Stringham, (F), A. B., Harvard, 1877.—Professor of Mathematics, University of California.

1881.

Louis Bevier, (F), A. B., Rutgers, 1878, Instructor and Adjunct Professor, Rutgers College, 1881-92.—Professor of Modern Languages, Rutgers College.

Robert Dorsey Coale, (F), Assistant in Chemistry, 1881-83.—Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Maryland.

Edward Allen Fay, A. B., University of Michigan, 1862.—Vice-President and Professor of Languages, National Deaf-Mute College, Washington.

Lawrence Bunting Fletcher, (F), A. B., Columbia, 1877, Instructor in Physics, Wesleyan University, 1882-83.—Marlboro, N. Y.

Samuel Garner, A. B., St. John's 1871, Professor in the University of Indiana, 1881-87.—Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, U. S. Naval Academy.

Edward Mussey Hartwell, (F), A. B., Amherst, 1873, M. D., Miami Medical College, 1882, Instructor and Associate, 1883-91.—Director of Physical Training in the Boston Public Schools.

William Thomson Sedgwick, (F), Ph. B., Yale, 1877, Assistant and Associate, 1880-83.—Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Christian Sihler, (F), Concordia, 1866, M. D., University of Michigan, 1871, Assistant, 1879-80.—Instructor in Histology and Microscopy, Western Reserve University; Physician, Cleveland, Ohio.

Edmund Beecher Wilson, (F), Ph. B., Yale, 1878, Assistant, 1881-82, Lecturer in Williams College, 1883-84, Associate Professor and Professor, Bryn Mawr College, 1885-91.—Adjunct Professor of Biology, Columbia College.

1882.

James Wilson Bright, (F), A. B., Lafayette, 1877, Assistant in German, 1882-83, Instructor and Associate in English, 1885-91, Instructor in Cornell University, 1885.—Associate Professor of English Philology.

John Franklin Jameson, (F), A. B., Amherst, 1879, Assistant and Associate, 1882-88, Lecturer, 1890-91.—Professor of History, Brown University.

Mitsuru Kuhara, (F), S. B., University of Tokio, 1877, Lecturer in the University of Tokio, 1882-87.—Professor of Chemistry, First Middle School of Tokio, Japan.

Robert Wright Mahon, C. E., Lehigh, 1876, Tutor in Lafayette College, 1882-83, Acting Professor of Chemistry, Rose Polytechnic Institute, 1888-89,—Chemist, Baltimore.

*Oscar Howard Mitchell, (F), A. B., Marietta, 1875, Professor of Mathematics, Marietta College, 1882-89, **March* 29, 1889.

George Frederick Nicolassen, (F), A. B., University of Virginia, 1879, Assistant, 1881-82.—Professor of Greek and Latin, Southwestern Presbyterian University, Tenn.

William Albert Noyes, A. B., Iowa, 1879, Instructor in the University of Minnesota, 1882-83, Professor in the University of Tennessee, 1883-86.—Professor of Chemistry, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Ind.

Chase Palmer, (F), A. B., 1879, Assistant, Mass. Institute of Technology, 1882-83, Professor in the Mass. State Normal School, Salem, 1883-87, Assistant in Tufts College, 1887-88, Professor of Chemistry in Wabash College, 1888-90, and in Missouri School of Mines, 1890-91.—Chemist, Aurora, Mo.

Edward Henry Spieker, (F), A. B., 1879, Instructor and Associate, 1882-88.—Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.

1883.

William John Alexander, (F), A. B., University of London, 1876, Professor in Dalhousie College, 1883-89.—Professor of English, University of Toronto.

William Cathcart Day, (F), A. B., 1880, Professor of Chemistry and Physics, St. John's College, Md., 1883-84, and University of Nashville, 1884-87.—Professor of Chemistry, Swarthmore College, Pa.

William Pitt Durfee, (F), A. B., University of Michigan, 1876.—Professor of Mathematics, Hobart College, N. Y.

George Stetson Ely, (F), A. B., Amherst, 1878, Professor of Mathematics, Buchtel College, 1883-84.—Examiner, U. S. Patent Office.

Kakichi Mitsukuri, (F), Ph. B., Yale, 1879.—Professor of Zoölogy, University of Tokio, Japan.

Bernard Francis O'Connor, (F), Bach. dès Lettres, Université de France, 1874.—Adjunct Professor of Romance Languages, Columbia College.

The Alumni Association.

THE Alumni Association has not yet reached the stage of being an important factor in University history. This, indeed, is not to be expected until the number, and, what is equally important, the average age of its members, shall have become much greater than is possible at this early period of the University's existence. In the meantime, however, the annual reunion is a potent renewer of loyalty to our *Alma Mater* and of good fellowship among her sons; nor is the importance of the organization as the germ of that more powerful one which we may confidently expect to grow out of it, a thing to be held in light esteem. The policy of laying aside the sums received for life-membership so as to form a separate fund to be ultimately applied to the endowment of prizes or scholarships, is a modest but significant beginning of usefulness in one direction. The action of the recent meeting, by which the presidents of branch associations are made honorary vice-presidents of the main association, is a manifestation of the gratification we all feel in the active interest which alumni in all parts of the country have shown in the welfare of the University. There seems every reason to expect a gratifying future for the Alumni Association.

The '91 Alumni Association.

President, ALFRED J. SHRIVER.
Secretary and Treasurer, GEORGE LEFEVRE.

THE '91 Alumni Association is now an infant of two years of age, healthy and robust. The second summer of its young life, a season which solicitous mothers always dread, has been safely passed. Once over this crisis, the chances for the baby's life are very good. The infant which now requires the attention of the writer of this sketch, has proved of a remarkably strong constitution, has already cut its (eye) teeth, and daily gladdens the hearts of its parents. Bright, indeed, are the mother's hopes for the future, and her bosom swells with pride in contemplation of her promising offspring.

The deeds of '91, that class of classes, have been chronicled from year to year in our College Annuals; it is not within the province of this short article to repeat the history of the class, however interesting that might be, during its eventful College career. It is the Alumni Association of which we have to speak. It has been told you in the "Hullabaloo" in what wise the watery birth of this organization took place—I can recall but this single event in the whole history of '91 in which water played any role whatever. It was with feelings akin to inspiration that a band of '91 men, fresh from their undergraduate life, gathered together in that little cabin, and wove the net which was forever to hold captive in its meshes the hearts of '91.

The first officers of the '91 Alumni Association were Painter, Hollander and Shriver, who were elected respectively President, Vice-President and Secretary.

On the 22d of December, 1891, the class met at the St. James to hold the first Alumni banquet. For six months we had been separated, and the joy of that reunion was supreme. Some of the more pessimistically inclined members

had intimated that since we were no longer undergraduates, the banquet might lack that old ring which had characterized our dinners of College days. Ill-grounded fears! Anyone, with half an ear for music, could have told that the note was still as clear and strong and true as of yore. The toasts to old times, the talks over past escapades and incidents connected with our class-life—sweet reminiscences—carried us far into the night. Sorrowfully we disbanded, but not until we had promised each other to come back for the next reunion.

In exactly one year from that night, the second Alumni banquet of '91 was held in the same room. If our joy had been great on the first occasion, it was boundless now. Had time deadened the old class spirit? No, a thousand times no! It seemed as if a Joshua had come to earth and commanded the sun to stand still, for time had been obliterated.

Shriver was elected President, and Lefevre Secretary and Treasurer for the ensuing year.

The following scheme for putting the Association on a firmer footing, and keeping the men closer together, was proposed by Hollander and afterwards adopted:

Each member of the class is to be assessed an appropriate amount, the funds thus obtained to be devoted to the publication of an annual class-bulletin. The bulletin to be prepared by the President and Secretary, and is to contain information concerning every member of the class, besides a brief resumé of University news during the year. The first issue of the bulletin will appear about October first. As each year goes by, and the men become more and more scattered, some such means as this is not only desirable, but positively necessary to keep the class together.

And now brothers of '93 (for are we not all brothers, sons of one mother?), the time is close at hand when you will meet to form the Alumni Association of your class. That moment will be one of the happiest of your lives, for happiness tinged with sadness is all the more perfect. Our sincere and heart-felt good wishes go out to you, for with joy we hail the birth of this younger sister. May the same success and prosperity which have attended our organization be in store for you. More, we could not wish you.

Then hail to '91, hail to '92, hail to '93! Health, long life and prosperity to the triple alliance, '91-'92-'93!

An Echo from '92.

IF the writer were a dreamer of dreams, how easily he could picture to himself fourteen shadows overhanging the University and guarding its institutions with filial affection. That little shade, '79, leading the train, the rear of which is brought up by the larger and fresher shade, '92. Disembodied spirits though these shadows are, without form and, it may be, comeliness, yet they are deeply interested in all that concerns their *Alma Mater*. They hover around, looking hopefully for the continuance of that which they began, and forecasting the future for what it may bring forth of benefit and added glory to the stronghold of their youthful affections.

The black cap and gown, the formal "reception into the degree of Bachelor of Arts," the sheepskin—that golden fleece—and the congratulations of friends, combine to make commencement day the beginning of a new life for numbers of men each year. The problems and difficulties of life appear small and easily surmountable, in view of the large accession of "rights and privileges to the new degree appertaining," and with faces hopefully set toward the unknown future, those men begin as giants to run their long course of undoubted success and achievement. This is the joyous side of a long drawn out and difficult application to study and culture. The sadder side, always present and solemn, is the requiem sung over all that has gone before. The organ peals merrily enough as we approach the new life, but as we leave the Commencement Hall, the burial dirge of all that bound to college life which proved so beautiful, recalls the sad fact that the Seniors of yesterday are Alumni to-day. The class organization, with all its college patriotism and fresh with the memory of its year of dignified seniority, has given place to the new Seniors, and marched to emerge itself in that alumnus ocean where its spirit and pride produce no ripple on the calm surface. The first have become the last; from leaders the graduates have now become the last added mite in a larger whole, in which individuality is lost to be regained no more.

The courtesy of the Editors of the present book is eagerly embraced by this last departed shade, and this occasion is taken to say a long farewell to the loved scenes and associations which so lately were our haunts and pleasures.

A class is necessarily a reminiscient creature after its commencement day, and the very mention of '92 fills the writer's mind with a long array of memories. At first we were "Freshmen," I fear not traditionally meek and lowly, even then venturing to hold banquets, in spite of our hereditary enemies. Defending our Class Flag—a pocket handkerchief of blue and white, waving defiantly from the end of a cane, and borne by a stalwart Stewart. Of this trophy the Juniors wished to rob us. Young were we but valiant, and, as I remember, still bore colors aloft at the end of the battle—though by trailing in the dust under feet, well grimed, our blue and white had become blue and black. Thus was '92 transmuted into Hopkins, and henceforth, though loyal to our class, we placed the 'Varsity first in the honor roll of our affection.

Our sermons, however, are too new to begin preaching them over yet, so what of the class since June last? Well, none of us have had greatness thrust upon us, and, as far as the writer knows, none of us were born particularly great; certain vague rumors of achieved greatness have proved premature—of that, more anon.

In January, '93, a banquet was held. Many old faces were missed, but the spirit of by-gone days reanimated those assembled, and song followed toast with even greater zest than of yore. New officers were elected, and our interrupted fellowship was resumed, as jolly as before.

The days of our college life now seem to have been short, and once seemed to be full of trouble, but they left in us a leaven of the spirit which will never be lost; they lighted the lamp of enthusiasm by which we are carried forward on the path of life. We welcome you, '93, our sometime enemies but now friends, into life, and commend to your safe keeping a share of interest in our University.

Graduate Students' Association.

THE Graduate Students' Association does not now exist solely for the purpose of electing officers for the Graduate Students' Association, as was said of it by the class book of '92. Nor is it a University branch of the Farmers' Alliance, as it was dubbed by one of its own adherents, in a facetious mood. The Association has passed beyond the experimental stage; it is no longer a joke, but is an active and organized effort to replace the old lack of interest in each other, noticeable among the graduate students, by a social organization which will bring the members of the various departments together on a plane common to all, and which will result in a revival of the humanities among a body of specialists.

The International and National Committees of the Association seek to open and maintain correspondence with similar organizations at home and abroad, to cultivate an international and national feeling of relationship among college men, and to make practical application of the recognized unity of scholarship by receiving men sent to us, and by sending men in return, in a spirit of cordiality and fellowship.

The Social Committee has charge of the central effort of the Association. It wishes to unify the body of graduate students into a social whole; to interest them in the welfare of the University, and to secure their support and co-operation as well in athletics as in scholarship—in a word, to foster Johns Hopkins spirit and to broaden the horizon of the graduate students beyond narrow departmental boundaries. The methods of the Committee are very simple. General meetings of the students are secured by giving, in their name, receptions to the noted visitors to the University. At these receptions, the professors from the various departments receive the students and entertain them with conversation about things of general and common interest. Mass meetings of the students are held at the call of the President for the transaction of business, and last but not least, departmental clubs are formed which at stated intervals take a quiet evening off from hard work and visit important points of interest about the town. Songs are sung, etc., etc.

On the promising results of these experiments, the Graduate Students' Association bases its claim to usefulness and its right to the support of the students at large.



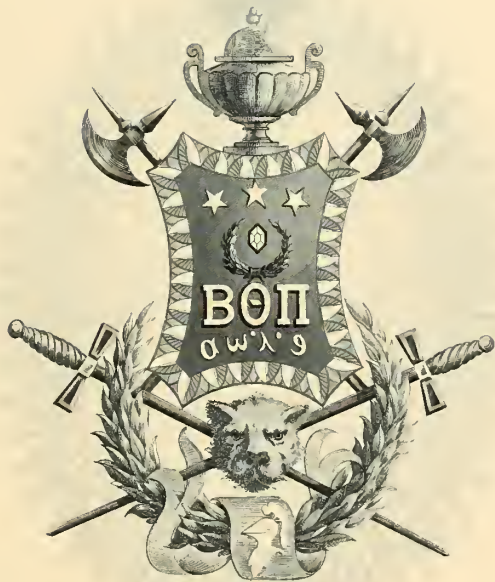
SACRILEGIOUS GIBBERISH

W.C. Brigham

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Harvard,	<i>Eta.</i>	Virginia	<i>Omicron.</i>
Brown,	<i>Kappa.</i>	Davidson,	<i>Phi Alpha.</i>
Boston,	<i>Epsilon.</i>	Richmond,	<i>Alpha Kappa.</i>
Maine State,	<i>Beta Eta.</i>	Randolph-Macon,	<i>Ni.</i>
Amherst,	<i>Beta Iota.</i>	Centre,	<i>Epsilon.</i>
Dartmouth,	<i>Alpha Omega.</i>	Cumberland,	<i>Mu.</i>
Wesleyan,	<i>Mu Epsilon.</i>	Mississippi,	<i>Beta Beta.</i>
Stevens,	<i>Sigma.</i>	Vanderbilt,	<i>Beta Lambda.</i>
Cornell,	<i>Beta Delta.</i>	Texas,	<i>Beta Omicron.</i>
St. Lawrence,	<i>Beta Zeta.</i>	Miami,	<i>Alpha.</i>
Colgate,	<i>Beta Theta.</i>	Univ. of Cincinnati,	<i>Beta Nu.</i>
Union,	<i>Nu.</i>	Ohio,	<i>Beta Kappa.</i>
Columbia,	<i>Alpha Alpha.</i>	Western Reserve,	<i>Beta.</i>
Syracuse,	<i>Beta Epsilon.</i>	Washington-Jefferson,	<i>Gamma.</i>
Dickinson,	<i>Alpha Sigma.</i>	Ohio Wesleyan,	<i>Theta.</i>
Johns Hopkins,	<i>Alpha Chi.</i>	Bethany,	<i>Psi.</i>
University of Penna,	<i>Phi.</i>	Wittenberg,	<i>Alpha Gamma.</i>
Penna. State College, <i>Alpha Upsilon.</i>		Denison,	<i>Alpha Eta.</i>
Hampden-Sidney,	<i>Beta.</i>	Wooster,	<i>Alpha Lambda.</i>
North Carolina,	<i>Eta Beta.</i>	Kenyon,	<i>Beta Alpha.</i>



ДРЕКА, PHILA

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

ALPHA CHI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

CHAPTER HOUSE, 1032 NORTH EUTAW STREET.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

Charles G. Baldwin, A. B., '92.

Henry A. Bumstead, A. B., '91.

Robert P. Bigelow, Ph. D.

Reid Hunt, A. B., '91.

Geo. M. Bolling, A. B., Loyola Col.

George Lefevre, A. B., '91.

Albert M. Reese, A. B., '92.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Bethel Boude, '95.

Clement A. Penrose, '93.

Charles W. Newhall, '93.

Arthur L. Reese, '93.

Charles B. Penrose, Jr., '93.

Charles D. Smoot, '95.

Frederick W. Wilson, '93.

ALUMNI AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Thomas S. Baker, A. B.

Arthur L. Lamb, A. B.

Wilbur W. Ballagh.

H. R. McIlwain, A. B.

A. Mitchell Carroll, A. M.

Lucius S. Merriam, S. B.

J. Elliott Gilpin, Ph. D.

A. DeF. Palmer, Ph. B.

Charles H. Hammond, Jr., A. M.

Brantz M. Roszel, A. B.

Theodore Hough, A. B.

George Shipley, A. M.

James L. Lake, A. M.

Charles P. Sigerfoos, S. B.

Charles F. Woods, Jr., A. B.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Dr. Delano Ames.

E. C. Applegarth.

L. T. Appold.

Randolph Barton, Jr.

Rev. Thos. W. Bradenhoff.

C. Pliny Brigham.

Walter C. Brigham.

Daniel N. Brinton.

Dr. Powhatan Clarke.

R. C. Cole, Jr.

W. Benton Crisp.

Vernon Cook.

Wm. C. Day.

John W. Dietrich.

T. I. Elliott.

John P. Fleming.

Henry L. Gantt.

Edgar Goodman.

Wm. A. Hanway.

J. Hemsley Johnson.

Dr. E. S. Lamdin.

J. R. Larns.

F. S. Lee.

John Loney.

J. D. Lord, Jr.

John W. Lowe.

Dr. J. N. McKenzie.

Wm. L. Marbury.

Waldo Newcomer.

Dr. J. R. Page.

W. W. Patton.

Wm. H. Perkins, Jr.

James Reaney, Jr.

Rev. George Scholl.

Samuel H. Sessions.

Henry Shirk, Jr.

B. B. Shreeves.

Dr. Charles E. Simon.

Dr. W. F. Smith.

Willoughby N. Smith.

Rev. W. R. Stricklen.

G. B. Wade.

W. A. Wade.

Dr. Wm. S. Watson.

Rev. E. E. Weaver.

Henry H. Wiegand.

L. W. Wilhelm.

Henry W. Williams.

Rev. L. B. Wilson.

Dr. J. R. Winslow.





1852

Phi · Kappa Psi Fraternity.

MARYLAND ALPHA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED, 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED, 1879.

CHAPTER HOUSE, 923 N. CALVERT STREET.

MEMBERS OF ACADEMIC STAFF.

J. W. Bright.

M. D. Learned.

E. R. L. Gould.

W. W. Randall.

Woodrow Wilson.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

Henry Fay.

Charles Roy McKay.

Thomas Dobbin Penniman.

William Pierce Anderson.

William S. Hilles.

NINETY-THREE.

Wilmot Griffiss.

John Leypold Griffith Lee.

Eugene Lindsay Opie.

NINETY-FOUR.

Geo. S. Maynard.

Thomas Warren Hastings.

Alex. Michael Agelasto, Jr.

William Stevenson Baer.

NINETY-FIVE.

Lawrason Brown.

Charles Bevan Clark.

Warren Harlan Crampton.

Shirley Plumer Austin.

FRATRES IN URBE.

NOT INCLUDING ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NAMES TO BE FOUND ON NEXT PAGE.

William Baker, Jr.
John S. Bridges.
Alexander Brown.
J. Edward Bird.
Rev. I. C. Burke.
R. W. Bosley.
W. H. Bosley.
W. B. Brooks.
E. C. Carrington.
J. Howell Carroll.
William Cline, Jr.
J. T. Crowe.
W. K. Cromwell.

H. J. Farber.
Dr. S. J. Fork.
B. B. Gordon.
Douglas H. Gordon, Jr.
William J. Guard.
W. N. Haxall.
Sebastian Hodges.
C. M. Howard.
B. H. James.
William Knox.
P. M. Leakin.
Robert Magruder.
R. H. Murphy.

C. W. Neff.
J. Neff.
J. G. Pitts.
Rev. P. M. Prescott.
Dr. G. D. Preston.
Albert Ritche.
J. W. Sanders.
H. M. Thomas.
P. W. Stunshall.
R. M. Venable.
J. H. Wilmer.
Hiram Woods.
Alex. Watkins.



Phi Kappa Psi Alumni Associations.

Pittsburgh.

New York.

Philadelphia.

Twin City, (Minneapolis and St. Paul).

Maryland.

Cincinnati.

Springfield, (Ohio).

Cleveland.

Chicago.

Washington.

Kansas City.

Phi Kappa Psi Alumni Association of Maryland.

President,

GEORGE D. PENNIMAN.

Vice-President,

RALPH ROBINSON.

Secretary,

HOWARD P. SADTLER.

Treasurer,

DANIEL M. MURRAY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Geo. D. Penniman.

Daniel M. Murray.

Dr. Geo. J. Preston.

Isaac McCurley.

Howard P. Sadtler.

MEMBERS.

Michael A. Agelasto.

William H. Bayless.

Hebt. M. Brune.

T. Morris Brown.

George Carey.

Nelson Poe Carey.

Dr. P. J. Dashiell.

Ed. J. Farber.

Charles Frick.

D. S. Gittings.

W. L. Glenn.

D. Dorsey Guy.

Julian S. Jones.

Benjamin Kurtz.

F. Albert Kurtz.

Berwick Lanier.

Alan McLane, Jr.

Robert M. McLane.

John Mason.

James F. Mitchell.

Richard H. Pleasants, Jr.

S. Johnson Poe.

John Pleasants.

William B. Penniman.

Robert Reuling.

Abraham Sharp.

S. D. Schumucker.

Nathan R. Smith.

Alan P. Smith, Jr.

Frank S. Thomas.

John F. Williams.

W. Wallace Whitelock.

T. K. Worthington.



Delta Phi Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Union College,	<i>Alpha.</i>	University of Pennsylvania,	<i>Eta.</i>
Brown University,	<i>Beta.</i>	Rensselaer Pol. Institute,	<i>Lambda.</i>
New York University,	<i>Gamma.</i>	Lehigh University,	<i>Nu.</i>
Columbia College,	<i>Delta.</i>	Johns Hopkins University,	<i>Xi.</i>
Rutgers College,	<i>Epsilon.</i>	Sheffield Scientific School,	<i>Omicron.</i>
Harvard University,	<i>Zeta.</i>	Cornell University,	<i>Pi.</i>

Delta Phi Fraternity.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1827, AT UNION COLLEGE, NEW YORK.
CHAPTER FOUNDED 1886, AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD.
CHAPTER HOUSE, 611 PARK AVENUE.

MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

Sidney H. Browne, A. B.	Ed. P. Manning, A. B., A. M.
Henry A. Cooley, A. B.	Philip R. Moale, A. B.
Fred. H. Fincke, M. D.	H. W. O'Donovan, A. B., M. D.
J. K. Hamilton, Jr.	Alfred M. Randolph, A. B.
Sam. Verplanck Hoffman, M. E.	Leigh Reid, A. B.
W. Stuart Symington, Jr., A. B.	

UNDERGRADUATES.

NINETY-THREE.

William Lawrence Clark.	John Boswell Whitehead.
-------------------------	-------------------------

NINETY-FOUR.

Lewis Warrington Cottman.	James Piper.
Robert Archibald Dobbin, Jr.	John Saunders Taylor.
Robert Bogardus Parker.	Joseph Pembroke Thom, Jr.
Perē Letherbury Wickes, Jr.	

NINETY-FIVE.

Edward McCulloh Fisher.	Stuart Symington Janney.
George Hodges.	John Donaldson Parker.
Roland B. Harvey.	Bertie McIlvine Torrence.

Delta Phi Alumni Association.

President,

ROBT. TUNSTALL TAYLOR.

Secretary,

HENRY O. THOMPSON.

Treasurer,

PHILIP R. MOALE.

FRATRES IN URBE.

A. Duval Atkinson.

John S. Billings, Jr., M. D.

Arthur L. Browne.

Wm. H. Browne, Jr.

Geo. W. Dobbin.

Benj. C. Howard.

Chas. McH. Howard.

Thomas C. Jenkins.

Eugene Levering, Jr.

H. C. Nitze.

Wm. B. Paca.

C. A. Palmer.

Alfred W. Pleasants.

Harry B. Price.

Wm. Reed.

Arnold K. Reese.

Edward Rust.

Ernest Stokes, M. D.

Wm. Royal Stokes, M. D.

Robt. Tunstall Taylor, M. D.

Henry O. Thompson.

Douglas C. Turnbull.

Eugene McE. Van Ness, M. D.

Ross W. Whistler.

Thomas D. Whistler.

Thomas Whitridge.

William Whitridge.

J. Whitridge Williams, M. D.

R. Gordon Williams.

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Hamilton,	Hamilton College,	1832.
Columbia,	Columbia College,	1837.
Yale,	Yale University,	1837.
Amherst,	Amherst College,	1837.
Brunonian,	Brown University,	1837.
Harvard,	Harvard University,	1837.
Hudson,	Adelbert College,	1841.
Bowdoin,	Bowdoin College,	1841.
Dartmouth,	Dartmouth College,	1845.
Peninsular,	University of Michigan,	1846.
Rochester,	University of Rochester,	1850.
Williams,	Williams College,	1851.
Manhattan,	College of the City of New York,	1855.
Middletown,	Wesleyan University,	1856.
Kenyon,	Kenyon College,	1858.
Union,	Union University,	1859.
Cornell,	Cornell University,	1869.
Phi Kappa,	Trinity College,	1877.
Johns Hopkins,	Johns Hopkins University,	1889.
Minnesota,	University of Minnesota,	1892.



Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

JOHNS HOPKINS CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1832.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1889.

CHAPTER HOUSE, NO. 8 MADISON STREET, WEST.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Daniel C. Gilman.

William B. Clark,

Joseph S. Ames.

Charles L. Poor.

George H. Williams.

GRADUATES.

William J. A. Bliss, Harvard, '88.

Theodore Woolsey Johnson, J. H. U., '92.

George Edward Boynton, J. H. U., '92.

Henry McElderry Knower, J. H. U., '90.

Shellman Baer Brown, J. H. U., '91.

Bowdre Phinizy, Princeton, '92.

Thomas Richardson Brown, J. H. U., '92.

Jesse Siddall Reeves, Amherst, '91.

Henry Stewart Gane, Amherst, '91.

William Peters Reeves, J. H. U., '89.

Charles W. L. Johnson, J. H. U., '91.

Ben. Franklin Sharpe, Wes. Univ., '87.

Charles Joseph West, J. H. U., '91.

UNDERGRADUATES.

NINETY-THREE.

Adolph Hall Ahrens.

George Stewart Brown.

Theodore George Ahrens.

William Robinson Molinard.

William Steenberg Blackford.

Douglas Hamilton Thomas, Jr.

Edwin Litchfield Turnbull.

NINETY-FOUR.

John Griffith Ames, Jr.	Harry Taylor Marshall.
Charles Angelo Conrad.	Louis Wardlaw Miles.
Benjamin Howell Griswold, Jr.	John Eugene Howard Post.
John Almy Tompkins, Jr.	

NINETY-FIVE.

Warren Buckler.	Ellis Barcroft Long.
Miles Farrow.	Jacob Hall Pleasants, Jr.
Charles Alexander Kilvert.	John Hanson Thomas.
William Whitridge Williams.	

FRATRES IN URBE.

W. H. H. Anderson.	Chas. E. Hill.	C. Bohn Slingluff.
Leigh Bonsal.	John S. Hitchcock.	J. Donnell Smith.
Jeffrey R. Brackett.	Rowland W. Hodges.	R. Clinton Smith.
Rev. John P. Campbell.	G. G. Hooper.	Bernard C. Steiner.
Samuel S. Carroll.	H. J. Jewett, Jr.	Chas. M. Stewart, Jr.
Bernard M. Carter.	E. Parkin Keech.	Gustav L. Stewart.
Charles H. Carter.	Wm. Keyser, Jr.	John Stewart, Jr.
Rev. Geo. C. Carter.	Rev. E. A. Lawrence.	Redmond C. Stewart.
Shirley Carter.	Richard H. Lawrence.	Henry Stockbridge.
Rev. W. C. Clapp.	Rev. Dwight E. Lyman.	Felix R. Sullivan.
Samuel C. Donaldson.	John D. McDonald.	Samuel Theobald, Jr.
Wm. Levering Devries.	Henry R. Micks.	Rev. W. F. Watkins, Jr.
Benj. H. Griswold.	George C. Morrison.	Julian LeRoy White.
G. Blagden Hazlehurst.	J. Alexander Preston.	Rev. Franklin Wilson.
	Howard B. Shipley.	



Phi Gamma Delta.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Allegheny College,	<i>Pi.</i>
Bethel College,	<i>Nu.</i>
Bucknell University,	<i>Delta.</i>
College City of New York,	<i>Upsilon.</i>
Colgate University,	<i>Theta Psi.</i>
Cornell University,	<i>Kappa Nu.</i>
Columbia College,	<i>Omega.</i>
Denison University,	<i>Lambda Deuteron.</i>
De Pauw University,	<i>Lambda.</i>
Hamden-Sidney College,	<i>Delta Deuteron.</i>
Hanover College,	<i>Tau.</i>
Illinois Wesleyan University,	<i>Alpha Deuteron.</i>
Indiana State University,	<i>Zeta.</i>
Johns Hopkins University,	<i>Beta Mu.</i>
Knox College,	<i>Tau Deuteron.</i>
Lafayette College,	<i>Sigma Deuteron.</i>
Lehigh University,	<i>Beta Chi.</i>
Leland Stanford, Jr., University,	<i>Lambda Sigma.</i>
Marietta College,	<i>Eta.</i>
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,	<i>Iota Mu.</i>
Muhlenberg College,	<i>Epsilon Deuteron.</i>
Ohio State University,	<i>Omicron Deuteron.</i>
Ohio Wesleyan University,	<i>Theta Deuteron.</i>
Pennsylvania College,	<i>Chi.</i>
Penna. State College,	<i>Gamma Phi.</i>
Richmond College,	<i>Rho Chi.</i>

Roanoke College,	<i>Beta Deuteron.</i>
University of California,	<i>Delta Chi.</i>
University of City of New York,	<i>Nu Epsilon.</i>
University of Kansas,	<i>Pi Deuteron.</i>
University of Michigan,	<i>Alpha Phi.</i>
University of Minnesota,	<i>Mu Sigma.</i>
University of North Carolina,	<i>Epsilon.</i>
University of Pennsylvania,	<i>Beta.</i>
University of Tennessee,	<i>Kappa Tau.</i>
University of Virginia,	<i>Omicron.</i>
Wabash College,	<i>Psi.</i>
Washington and Jefferson College,	<i>Alpha.</i>
Washington and Lee University,	<i>Zeta Deuteron.</i>
Wittenberg College,	<i>Zeta.</i>
Wm. Jewell College,	<i>Zeta Phi.</i>
Wooster University,	<i>Rho Deuteron.</i>
Worcester Polytechnic Institute,	<i>Pi Iota.</i>
Yale University,	<i>Nu Deuteron.</i>



Phi Gamma Delta.

BETA MU CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1848.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

CHAPTER HOUSE, 935 McCULLOH STREET.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

GRADUATES.

Frederic Clemson Howe, Ph. D.

Newton Diehl Baker, A. B.

* Henry E. Crook, A. B.

NINETY-THREE.

John Hooper Edmondson.

John Hurst Purnell.

Charles Edward Phelps, Jr.

J. Ogle Warfield.

James Watts Young.

NINETY-FOUR.

John Woodside Corning.

James Edmundson Ingram, Jr.

William Albert Nitze.

NINETY-FIVE.

R. Carll Foster.

Harry Harkins Hubner.

John Andrew Robinson.

Campbell Easter Waters.

William Horace Mullikin.

* Deceased.

FRATRES IN URBE.—SOUTHERN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President,
W. SCOTT AMOSS.

Secretary,
JAMES E. CARR, JR.

Vice-President,
OTTO B. WEIK.

Treasurer,
FRANK V. RHODES.

MEMBERS.

Rev. Chas. S. Albert.
W. Scott Amoss.
Robert F. Brent.
James E. Carr, Jr.
W. Calvin Chesnut.
F. Henry Copper.
Chas. H. Dickey.
Arthur D. Foster.
James Swan Frick.
Rev. D. Frank Garland.
James H. Giese.
Alfred B. Giles, M. D.

Nathan D. Hynson.
George E. Ijams.
Lloyd L. Jackson, Jr.
Rev. B. F. Jones.
Clement March.
John Phelps.
Frank V. Rhodes.
B. H. Richards.
M. A. Sherretts.
J. Chambers Weeks.
Otto B. Weik.
Frank West, M. D.





Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN ORDER.)

CHAPTER ROLL.

<i>Alpha,</i>	Washington and Lee University,	1865.
<i>Gamma,</i>	University of Georgia,	1868.
<i>Delta,</i>	Wofford College,	1869.
<i>Epsilon,</i>	Emory College,	1869.
<i>Zeta,</i>	Randolph-Macon College,	1869.
<i>Eta,</i>	Richmond College,	1870.
<i>Iota,</i>	Furman University,	1872.
<i>Kappa,</i>	Mercer University,	1873.
<i>Lambda,</i>	University of Virginia,	1873.
<i>Mu,</i>	Ersuline College,	1883.
<i>Nu,</i>	Alabama A. and M. College,	1883.
<i>Ni,</i>	Southwestern University,	1883.
<i>Rho,</i>	University of South Carolina,	1880.
<i>Sigma,</i>	Davidson College,	1880.
<i>Upsilon,</i>	University of North Carolina,	1881.
<i>Phi,</i>	Southern University,	1882.
<i>Chi,</i>	Vanderbilt University,	1883.
<i>Psi,</i>	Tulane University,	1883.
<i>Omega,</i>	Centre College,	1883.
<i>Alpha-Alpha,</i>	University of the South,	1884.
<i>Alpha-Beta,</i>	University of Alabama,	1885.
<i>Alpha-Gamma,</i>	Louisiana State University,	1886.
<i>Alpha-Delta,</i>	William Jewell College,	1887.
<i>Alpha-Epsilon,</i>	S. W. P. University,	1887.
<i>Alpha-Zeta,</i>	William and Mary College,	1890.
<i>Alpha-Eta,</i>	Westminster College,	1890.
<i>Alpha-Iota,</i>	Centenary College,	1891.
<i>Alpha-Kappa,</i>	Missouri State University,	1891.
<i>Alpha-Lambda,</i>	Johns Hopkins University,	1891.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN ORDER.)

ALPHA-LAMBDA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1865.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

GRADUATES.

Edward B. Anderson, A. B.

Walter Alexander Montgomery, A. B.

Arthur Fisher Bently, A. B.

James Henry Pridgeon, A. M.

Julius Blume (Royal Academy of Münster).

E. L. Reid, A. M.

Charles Alfonso Smith, A. M.

Morris James, A. B.

F. W. Pickel, A. B.

UNDERGRADUATES.

NINETY-THREE.

Thomas Fitzpatrick Cameron.

Frederick Bogue Noyes.

Francis Clement Newton.

Hugo Paul Thieme.

Henry Skinner West.

NINETY-FOUR.

William Olin Forbes.

Edward Pendleton Magruder.

NINETY-FIVE.

Albert Lawson Pierce.

George William Witte.

FRATRES IN URBE.

S. Z. Ammen.

Edwin Burgess.

F. S. R. Smith.

G. L. Andrews.

W. A. Hamilton.

F. G. Wilson.

W. S. Brown.

W. M. Redwood.

W. Zemp.

John Singleton.



ΦΘΨ

Phi Theta Psi Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha, . . Washington and Lee Univ. *Epsilon*, . . Randolph-Macon College
Beta, . . . University of Virginia. *Zeta*, . . . Hampden-Sidney College
Gamma, Richmond College. *Eta*, . . . Kenyon College.
Delta, . . William and Mary College. *Theta*, . . Columbia College.
Iota, . . . Johns Hopkins University.

Phi Theta Psi Fraternity.

IOTA CHAPTER.

CHAPTER ESTABLISHED 1892.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

Adolph Elhart Baker.	Samuel Rivers Hendren.	Frank Ray Rutter.
Eli Frank.	William Bevan Rayner.	Granville Yeisley Rusk.
		William Wingert.

FRATRES IN URBE.

George R. Kelso, Jr.	Harry Clayton Hopkins.
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MEMBERS OF FRATERNITIES HAVING NO
CHAPTERS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

Prof. T. Craig.	T. F. Kane.	E. B. Mathews.
G. H. Haynes.	F. P. King.	L. A. Pollard.
Chas. D. Hazen.	Asbury E. Krom.	Prof. Ira Remsen.
Edward B. T. Spencer.	J. M. Willard.	

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

James Pickney Kinard.	Frederick Tupper, Jr.
E. Percy Lewis.	Milo S. Walker.

DELTA UPSILON.

Burleigh S. Annis.	Lyman C. Newell.
C. S. Estes.	Joseph H. Tudor.

PHI DELTA THETA.

Rufus M. Bagg, Jr.	Wm. W. Landes.
T. N. Carver.	Gustav W. Pessels.

DELTA TAU DELTA.

E. B. Lease.

THETA DELTA CHI.

Arthur John Hopkins.

ZETA PSI.

Walter R. Steiner.

SIGMA CHI.

F. A. Thomas.

CHI PHI.

A. M. Muckenfuss.

PSI UPSILON.

Ulysses Sherman Grant.

DELTA PSI.

Arthur Cleveland Hall.

SIGMA NU.

John McLaren McBryde, Jr.

IOTA KAPPA ALPHA.

J. K. Hamilton, Jr.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

Harvey S. Coaley.

A. E. Speirs.

Local Secret Societies.



The Pot Socials.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1893.

YELL.—“WARM HER UP!”

OFFICERS.

President—Colonel, P. P. S., F. P. S., A. B., A. M., Ph. D.

Vice-President—Budge, Ph. D.

Presenter—Shall Mar, Ph. D.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Shortie, Ph. D.

Tailor, Ph. D.

Cotton Man, Ph. D.

Janie, Ph. D.

Candle Wick, Ph. D.

Bears, Ph. D.

Old Dobbin, Ph. D.

Eight Miles, Ph. D.

To Mass, Ph. D.

A-Miss, Ph. D.

GRAND SACRIFICES.

Nrobennos, D. U. T. C. H.

Kcalb, J. A. Y.

Diefgnal, S. L. O. B.

Kcireme, H. A.

VICTIMS.

Snerha.

Retdatsmu.

A. Etaudarg.

Nruboc.



YE EGO SUMS.

CHAPTER HOUSE—THE EARTH.

Motto: "No doubt, ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

Bulla,	Legsy.
Cunctator,	Cholly.
Blatero,	Dutchy.
Fabricator,	Whoopsy.
Murmuror,	Ugly.
Cruciator,	Baby.
Duplicator,	Butchy.

OUR ZOO.

Keeper,	Uncle Daniel.
Fireman,	Uncle Rastus.
Waterer,	Branch.

ANIMALS.

Ramm.	Cox.	Baer.
Swan.	Moale.	A-mos (quito).
Wolff.	C-lark.	Griffin.

KINDERGARTEN.

COLLEGIATE ADVISERS.

Chief Nurse,	Mrs. St-w-rt.
Floor Walker,	"Pop" W-st.
Bottle Holder,	"Mac."
"Swipes,"	Ho-p-sy.
Chamber Maid,	Miss Jennie.
The Milk Warmer,	"Sonny."

PICANINNIES.

The Twines,	Ni-zy and "the Kid."
Other pair,	Haydn and Mozart.
Triplets,	"The Altamont Socials."

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS





RANKIN,
EDMONDSON,

BLUNDON,
BLACK,

REQUARDT,

HAZELTON,
WICKES,
TAYLOR,

HASTINGS,

DOBBIN,
MARSHALL,

GRISWOLD,
PIPER,

Banjo Club.

Manager, R. A. DOBBIN, JR.

Director, PERE L. WICKES, JR.

BANJEAURINES.

Pere L. Wickes, Jr., '94.

Harry T. Marshall, '94.

Hanson Black, '95.

William W. Requardt, '94.

First Banjo, J. Hooper Edmondson, '93.

Second Banjo, James Piper, Jr., '94.

GUITARS.

Thomas W. Hastings, '94.

William P. Rankin, A. M.

John H. Hazelton, '93.

R. Jackson Blundon.

J. Saunders Taylor, '94.

Mandolin Club.

Director, J. SAUNDERS TAYLOR, '94.

FIRST MANDOLIN.

J. Saunders Taylor, '94.

L. V. Friedman, '95.

R. Jackson Blundon.

SECOND MANDOLIN.

Pere L. Wickes, Jr., '94.

GUITARS.

Thomas W. Hastings, '94.

John R. Hazelton, '93.

J. Hooper Edmondson, '93.

William P. Rankin, A. M.

VIOLIN.

Charles D. Smoot, '95.



"TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY!"

The Matriculate Society.

<i>President,</i>	GEO. STEWART BROWN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	L. WARRINGTON COTTMAN.
<i>Secretary,</i>	CHARLES E. PHELPS, JR.
<i>Director-at-Large,</i>	DOUGLAS H. THOMAS, JR.
<i>Director from '93,</i>	CHARLES B. PENROSE.
<i>Director from '94,</i>	BENJAMIN H. GRISWOLD, JR.
<i>Director from '95,</i>	CHARLES B. CLARK.

The Matriculate Society has passed through another year of glorious prosperity. In fact, its dances have become such an important event in Baltimore society, that the powers that be have seen fit to limit the number of dances to four. We suppose because they dreaded the effects of preparation upon some members of the University, that is the shaving and general renovation which the typical graduate is compelled to undergo before entering the enchanting precincts of the ball-room.

Three dances have already been given, and the fourth promises to outshine them all.

One important fact to be noticed is the increased attendance of old Hopkins men, whose presence adds great dignity to the occasion and tends to neutralize the overflowing exuberance of the Freshmen and to keep the young shouter, W. W. Williams, from injuring his lungs in his vain competition with the orchestra.

We believe it is not generally known that all alumni and past members of the University can attend these dances on the same terms as the active members.

We, the '93 directors, are proud of the Society's present success, but are fearful of the future. We dread the day when that heterogeneous conglomeration, styled the Class of '94, shall take control of this Society. But hoping for the best, and trusting that they shall disappoint our expectations as readily as they "fool the faculty," we hand over our authority with the best grace at our command.

HOPKINS DEBATING SOCIETY

Oh where
Oh where
are the boys
tonight.



The CHALLENGE

The RESULT

1893



Oh
How
Sad
I
feel!



How
happy
am
I!

Hopkins Debating Society.

OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	WILLIAM WINGERT.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	WILLIAM RAYNER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	G. V. RUSK.

Reader, pause and meditate on this picture.

Read in every line high aspirations and sonorous eloquence. See how every detail speaks of by-gone contests of intellect with intellect. Victory and defeat, joy and sorrow, in regular alternation shine through the very letters in the name of the Hopkins Debating Society.

On that memorable and moist morning of the 12th of November, 1892, this institution was launched on its checkered career. The circumstances were as follows:

“Balder, the Beautiful, was dead—was dead.” The Hopkins House of Commons had fallen, with the Class of Ninety-two, into innocuous desuetude. In the minds of some of the Hopkins youth a vague longing arose for what was not. At last the idea became known. An American Debating Society was wanted. A committee on organization evolved from somewhere. Notices of the coming event were spread broadcast throughout the land.

When the assembly met, various inspiring(?) incidents occurred. Some members strayed into strange places and were almost lost. For two hours the meeting struggled, and it was at last declared that the Hopkins Debating Society did exist.

No popular uprisings attended the adoption of the constitution and the election of officers. The main body of the society, the popular assembly, met, according to law, once a week; but as business elsewhere grew more pressing, a select council gradually assumed, by degrees, the important functions of deciding questions relating to female suffrage and the influence of inventions on the laboring man.

Above the popular assembly and the select council sat, clothed with vague and awful powers, the Committee on Ways and Means. Responsible to no one for its official acts, and for some time totally unconscious of its own existence, this solemn tribunal held its sessions on the Areopagus of Class-Room Nine. Dusty tomes, thick with the dust of ages, were examined. No records contain the mystic proceedings of these sessions, and until the walls of Class-Room Nine can tell their story, the student of history must wait for information concerning the subtle influence that this tribunal exerted on the popular assembly.

As time rolled on the powers of the assembly became more and more concentrated. Finally the republic was overthrown, and a single man reigned supreme in the council hall of the Hopkins Debating Society. He sat alone in his greatness. No courtiers surrounded him, no pages obeyed his call. He sat and waited for his subjects, but they came not. Sadly and sorrowfully the monarch arose and left the council hall. When he locked the door the walls of the empty chamber mournfully re-echoed the sound, as if to voice the woe of an oppressed people.

The Hopkins Debating Society was no more.



Associations of Various Kinds.

Y. M. C. A.

<i>President,</i>	DR. M. D. LEARNED.
<i>1st Vice-President,</i>	E. B. MATHEWS.
<i>2d Vice-President,</i>	LAWRASON BROWN.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	W. H. MALTBIE.
<i>Recording Secretary,</i>	G. H. TRULL.
<i>Executive Council,</i>	{ THE OFFICERS and *PROF. G. H. EMMOTT. C. W. BUMP. J. L. MCCLUNG. WALTER STEINER.
<i>General Secretary,</i>	CHARLES S. ESTES.

PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

<i>President,</i>	DR. BASIL GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Secretary,</i>	DR. EDWARD SPIEKER.

SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

<i>President,</i>	DR. FABIAN FRANKLIN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	JOS. S. AMES.
<i>Secretary,</i>	DR. E. A. ANDREWS.

MATHEMATICAL SEMINARY.

<i>Directors,</i>	{ DR. THOMAS CRAIG. DR. CHARLES CHAPMAN.
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* Dr. Sidney Sherwood acts in the absence of Prof. Emmott.

HISTORICAL SEMINARY.

Director,

DR. H. B. ADAMS.



Dr. J. M. Vincent.

J. S. Bassett.

D. C. Branson.

C. H. Hastings.

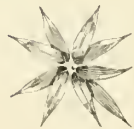
G. H. Haynes.

C. D. Hazen.

J. A. James.

J. S. Reeves.

M. Whitcomb.





Athletic Association.

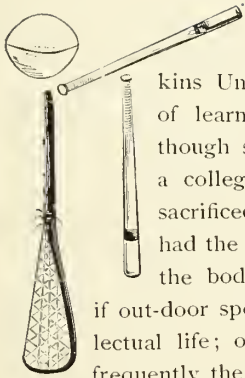
OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	DR. EDWARD RENOUF.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	W. S. BAER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	J. B. CRENSHAW.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

<i>Delegate from Academic Staff,</i>	DR. RENOUF.
<i>Delegates from Graduate Students,</i>	{ C. J. WEST. W. S. SYMINGTON.
<i>Delegates from Class of '93,</i>	{ W. GRIFFISS. T. F. P. CAMERON. J. H. HAZELTON.
<i>Delegates from Class of '94</i>	{ W. S. BAER. H. T. MARSHALL.
<i>Delegate from Class of '95,</i>	HANSON BLACK.

Athletics.



has often been said, and, unfortunately, with too good reason, that the standard of athletics at the Johns Hopkins University, as compared with that of other first-rate seats of learning, is low. We say unfortunately, advisedly, because, though scholarship is and ever should be the primary object in a college course, nevertheless, athletic interests ought not to be sacrificed entirely on the shrine of learning. The old Athenians had the true concept of manhood and education when they trained the body equally with the mind. It is an exploded theory that if out-door sports are engaged in, it is only at the expense of the intellectual life; on the contrary, those who excel on the campus are quite frequently the men who take high positions in the class roll.

There is little probability, at least it will not happen for many years, that the Johns Hopkins will be subjected to certain sarcastic remarks which have been directed against her sister colleges in the North. A cynical outsider has observed that "a four-years' course at Princeton or Yale is rather an expensive way of learning how to play foot ball."

We are proud of the high standard of scholarship which our *Alma Mater* enjoys, proofs of which are to be seen every day. Our graduates have been called to fill seats of importance in many of the greatest schools of the age, and we have every reason to expect that our men will continue to be sought after for responsible positions. But, although this enviable reputation is a matter of great pride to us, we still feel that it is one-sided. What should be a well-rounded, symmetrical whole is lacking in a very important element, viz: that of athletics. This deficiency, which you will all recognize as being more or less great, is, we believe, being gradually remedied. There is a progressive development of University spirit at the Hopkins which is full of promise to the interest of future athletics. While that intense enthusiasm, characteristic of the

northern colleges, which prompts them to acts of what almost might be termed rowdyism (after the annual Thanksgiving foot-ball game), is not altogether desirable, yet, on the other hand, a healthy college spirit is indubitably of very great importance. The promptness and generosity with which the men responded to the call for financial aid with regard to foot ball, at the beginning of the first semester, is indicative of the increasing interest in athletics.

Hopkins certainly has reason to be proud of the records which her various teams have made during the past year; although the improvement in all branches has not been regular, some having forged far ahead while others have been stationary or even retrograded, the general result shows a marked advance over the preceding years. In foot ball and base ball we were especially successful, and while the lacrosse team did not sustain its former high reputation, its work, on the whole, was creditable. The foot-ball eleven won six out of seven games, and the base-ball nine, ten out of thirteen. The work of the individual teams will be considered more at length further on.

It affords us peculiar pleasure to refer to the splendid way in which the graduate students have entered into athletics. It has been one of the crying evils of Hopkins athletic life that this very important element has taken so little interest in the efforts which the undergraduates have made to vindicate the good name of the University in fields other than the purely intellectual. Participation of the graduate students in athletics is especially desirable, as they are generally older than the undergraduates, and have the benefit of experience which they have acquired at their first *Alma Maters*. It is both gratifying and stimulating to be able to announce that three members of the base-ball team, three of the foot-ball and three of the lacrosse team were graduate students. All of these men did fine work, and it is very desirable that all graduate students shall in future imitate this good precedent.

The new constitution of the Athletic Association, as far as can be established by the year's test, seems well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. The alumni and graduate students, by being represented in the Association, cooperate with it much more effectively than before.

In-door athletics have been and are quite promising. The exhibition in every respect was successful. It is an unfortunate fact that our out-door athletes take but little part in in-door gymnastics. This should not be the case, for these are the men who would become the best gymnasts.

The monotonously masculine appearance of the Gym. was pleasantly interrupted on several occasions during the winter by the presence of ladies in the proscenium box. It was then that the genial "Colonel" fairly outdid himself on the bar; his daring rendition of the forward and back giant-swing elicited much admiration from his feminine audience. Provided the girls do not invade the sacred mysteries of the inner rooms, they will be always accorded a warm welcome. It is not likely that they will compel the students to get tickets of admission as in the Levering lectures last year.

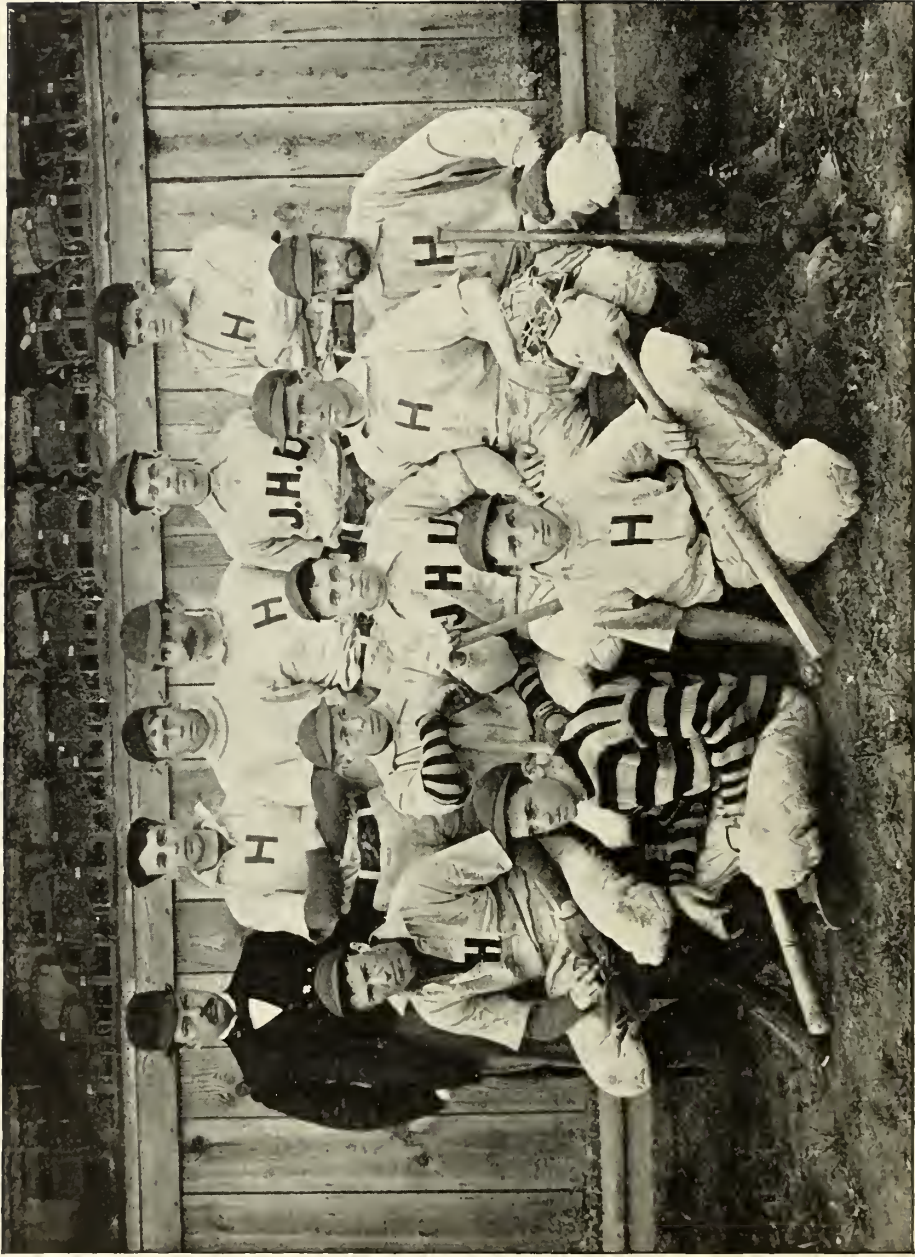
The meeting held during the month of December, at Richmond, in the interests of southern athletics, resulted in the formation of an inter-collegiate association. It is thought that athletics in all the institutions of the South will be promoted by this. A detailed account of this meeting is given elsewhere in the book.

The gymnasium house-committee drags on the "even tenor of its ways," occasional broken windows alone marring the serenity of its life.

The class of '93 arrogates to itself not a little of the credit which the almost invariable success of the foot-ball and base-ball teams has rendered due the University. Our class has been well represented on all the teams, and has furnished some of the best players.

In conclusion, we may say that the past year has been one of the most successful in the field of athletics that the Hopkins has ever enjoyed, and we may safely prophesy a brilliant future for our *Alma Mater*. There is no good reason why our teams should not cope with those of the great northern colleges; even though we be defeated, failure sustained from teams of national reputation would be more honorable than the more or less doubtful glory of victory over insignificant colleges. We have, however, no cause to expect defeat since material has been obtained in the University which will place some of our teams, at least, on an equality with the best.

Games for this year have been scheduled with Yale, Princeton, Lehigh, University of Pennsylvania, University of Virginia and Naval Academy.



WILLIAMS. PARKER. DOBBIN. WOOD. GRIFFISS. DAVIS. BROWN.
MCKAY. PURNELL. TAYLOR. BALDWIN. McCULLOCH. LANDIS.

Base Ball.

1892.

Captain, WILMOT GRIFFISS, '93.

Manager, R. GORDON WILLIAMS, '92

COMMITTEE.

W. GRIFFISS, '93.

C. R. MCKAY, '90.

R. A. DOBBIN, '94.

TEAM.

W. E. McCulloch, *c.*

W. W. Wood, *p.* and *c. f.*

J. E. Davis, '92, *c. f.* and *p.*

W. W. Landis, *1b.*

J. S. Taylor, '94, *s. s.*

L. Brown, '95, *3b.*

J. H. Purnell, '93, *1. f.*

R. B. Parker, '94, *r. f.*

W. Griffiss, '93, *2b.*

SUBSTITUTES.

C. R. McKay, '90.

R. A. Dobbin, '94.

W. Baldwin, '93.

A. P. Smith, Jr., '93.

RECORD OF THE PLAYERS.

	Games Played.	Runs.	At Bat.	Hits.	Batting Average.	Chances to Assist.	Assists.	Errors.	Fielding Average.
Griffiss,	12	11	52	18	.346	98	87	11	.888
*Wood,	9	8	41	13	.317	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 13 \\ 19 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 13 \\ 17 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 0 \\ 2 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1.000 \\ .895 \end{array} \right.$
*Davis,	11	14	52	15	.288	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 5 \\ 26 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 4 \\ 24 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 2 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} .800 \\ .923 \end{array} \right.$
McCulloch,	13	15	58	16	.276	140	132	8	.943
Brown,	13	17	56	14	.250	46	43	3	.935
McKay,	3	2	14	3	.214	46	43	3	.935
Parker,	11	7	48	10	.208	12	11	1	.917
Taylor,	11	10	39	8	.205	60	47	13	.783
Purnell,	13	8	53	7	.132	25	22	3	.880
Smith,	5	3	17	2	.117	10	9	1	.900
Landis,	10	5	36	4	.111	102	89	13	.873
Dobbin,	2	0	8	0	.000	8	6	2	.750
Baldwin,	2	0	7	0	.000	5	4	1	.800

*When two numbers come under a heading the first is the record as fielder, the second as pitcher.

GAMES.

Hopkins vs. University of Pennsylvania,	3-1
Hopkins vs. Naval Academy,	5-1
Hopkins vs. Columbia Athletic Club,	3-1
Hopkins vs. Dickinson College,	4-3
Hopkins vs. Naval Academy,	6-1
Hopkins vs. University of Pennsylvania,	8-9
Hopkins vs. Franklins,	19-2
Hopkins vs. Pastimes,	14-8
Hopkins vs. Columbia Athletic Club,	4-2
Hopkins vs. Franklins,	11-14
Hopkins vs. Pastimes,	9-1
Hopkins vs. Franklins,	11-5
Hopkins vs. University of Virginia,	5-6
Total—Won 10, lost 3.	

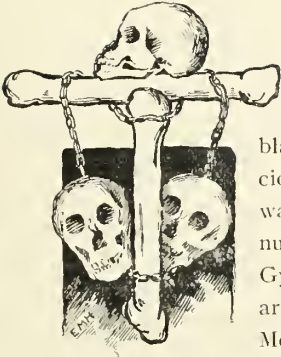
Base Ball Equipment

Why is a catcher's glove much like
The royal silken bolster
Whereon a wearied monarch rests
His head which fierce revolts stir?
Why is its state not like that of
A pistol in its holster?

Because it is forever that
Of ships upon the billow,
And never such as that of one
Who sleeps beneath the willow,
It is forever, very much,
An agitated pillow.



Base Ball.



THE base-ball team of '92 at the Hopkins started out with flying colors last April, and, moreover, kept the black and blue flaunting throughout the season. A judicious committee of three, all of whom, in some mysterious way got on the team, selected a good nine from the numerous applicants. Practice was commenced in the Gymnasium early in the year, and great expectations were aroused by the scientific way in which our phenomenal McCulloch caught Davis and Wood.

When the first game was played against University of Pennsylvania the team was in pretty good trim; nevertheless, we were somewhat dubious of the result. The men played in great shape, however, and defeated what was one of the strongest teams in the country by a score of 3 to 1.

Enthusiasm now ran high, and the game with the Naval Cadets was quickly played off. It was a raw and windy day when, half-drowned by the spray, we were towed down to Annapolis by the tug. In spite of the cold an excellent game was played, resulting in a second victory for the Hopkins. Score, 5-1.

You, who were there, will remember how the hatches had to be fastened down to keep out the cold on the way home, and how certain stimulating fluids (formula $C_2 H_5 OH$) were utilized for the same purpose. Perhaps you will recall that atrocious joke which our erstwhile freak, Havez, got off while we were on the way down. We were all seated in the hold of the vessel, when a deluge of water came down the open hatchway, drenching him; he thereupon blandly intimated that he wasn't an *incubator*, hence it might be well to put on the *hatches*.

The next game was against the Baltimore Athletic Club. Here, also, Hopkins was victorious by a score of 3-1.

Then we went to Carlisle, picking up some men on the way to the station to complete the team. A close and exciting game was had with the Dickinsonians, who were finally defeated. Score, 4-3.

Another game was then played off with the Naval Academy, with exactly the same result as the first game—viz., 5-1, in favor of Hopkins.

Next in order came the second game with the University of Pennsylvania. They had now acquired a national reputation, and were smarting to wipe out the recollection of the first defeat sustained at the hands of the Hopkins. Our team, on the other hand, was just as desirous of beating them and maintaining its yet unbroken record. A desperate struggle ensued, in which, unfortunately, we were worsted by a score of 8-9.

After this the Franklins were met. Hopkins had a walkover, defeating them by the overwhelming score of 19-2.

The Pastimes were the next victims, a score of 14-8 demonstrating that they were, colloquially speaking, "not in it." It was in this game that the intrepid Johnny Bartlett rashly sought for the man who was betting five to one on the Hopkins; but when readily found in the person of Billy Hillis, quickly did he lie himself to other parts of the field, defiantly returning the while, bold, but empty threats of "seeing him."

Columbia Athletic Club again visited us and was warmly received to the tune of four runs to two, Hopkins winning. This was one of the most exciting games of the whole season. Who will forget the nervous excitement of Bill Thomson and others, and their relief, when, with two men on bases, and the score a tie, Davis made that phenomenal one-hand catch of a long fly to centre field? or Purnell's running catch and throw in home just in time to prevent a winning run?

Our local enemies, the Franklins, next try conclusions with us, and, owing to bad playing of our men, succeed in winning the game by a score of 14-11.

Then our quasi-adversaries, the Pastimes make another and vain effort to defeat our team, with the lamentable result of Hopkins 9 runs to Pastimes 1.

The Franklins, encouraged by their late success, try to wrest another victory from the Hopkins, but unsuccessfully. Score, 11-5, in favor of Hopkins.

The final game of the season was played with University of Virginia. Here we sustained our third defeat. Southern hospitality was too much for us. Score, University of Virginia 6, Hopkins 5.





RIGGS, SEIGMUND,	HAZELTON, FURNELL, WOELFEL,	REBER, JANNEY,	THOMAS, SYMINGTON, TAYLOR,	NEWHALL, BAER,	BROWN, COTTMAN,	MARSHALL, RITTLER,
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Foot Ball.

Captain, W. S. BAER, '94.

Manager, J. H. PURNELL, '93.

PLAYERS.

H. T. Marshall, *Centre*.

W. S. Symington, <i>Left End</i> .	C. Siegmund, <i>Right Guard</i> .
A. L. Riggs, <i>Left Tackle</i> .	J. S. Taylor, <i>Quarter Back</i> .
F. A. Thomas, <i>Left Guard</i> .	J. H. Hazelton, <i>Left Half</i> .
L. Brown, <i>Right End</i> .	W. S. Rittler, <i>Right Half</i> .
W. S. Baer, <i>Right Tackle</i> .	L. W. Cottman, <i>Full Back</i> .

SUBSTITUTES.

Reber.	J. H. Purnell.
S. Janney.	C. W. Newhall.
A. Woelfel.	

GAMES.

Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Baltimore Athletic Club,	24-0
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Maryland Agricultural College,	62-0
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Delaware Field Club,	8-0
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Columbia Athletic Club,	10-16
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Kendall College,	6-4
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> St. John's College,	6-0
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> St. John's College,	10-6

Total: Won 6, lost 1.

Average weight of the team (exclusive of subs), 161 pounds.

Average age of the team (exclusive of subs), 20 years 4 months.

Foot Ball.

LAST year's foot-ball team was, perhaps, the most uniformly successful one that was ever put on the field by Johns Hopkins. It obtained the championship of Maryland, and has laid the foundation of what we may expect to be a much broader field of activity. With comparatively little practice, without the direction of any experienced trainer it successfully coped with the various teams of this State and sustained defeat but once.

Ninety-two's is the first 'Varsity team we have had since '89; hence, foot ball, the distinctive college game, has to a certain extent languished, though interest has been kept up by class rivalry, of which more anon.

In the latter part of October, 1892, a meeting of the Athletic Association was called to determine definitely what was to be done with foot ball—whether the existing inter-class system should remain or a 'Varsity eleven be formed. Dormant enthusiasm was awakened by the eloquence of various students; the insidious foot-ball fever again burned, and it was unanimously decided that a 'Varsity eleven be organized. Promises of pecuniary aid were made with refreshing readiness.

On the basis of this encouragement a team was shortly afterwards selected, which practiced more or less regularly in the Gym., or at Clifton against a scrub team. At the end of two-weeks' work a game was had with Baltimore Athletic Club, resulting in a score of 20-0, in favor of the Hopkins. Encouraged by this victory, and after more hard practice, the better to familiarize themselves with the signals and to improve the team work, in the following week they played the Maryland Agricultural College, defeating them by the crushing score of 62-0. The rival team was much outweighed, so that their heroic efforts were unavailing. The chief difficulty which Hopkins experienced was in kicking goals. A number of chances to kick goals in this game were lost, and such was the case in subsequent games.

With the Delaware Field Club, of Wilmington, the next game was played. Here the Hopkins men were outweighed, and a game exciting in more than one way followed. The score stood 8-0, in favor of Hopkins, when the swelling and disappointed crowd burst in on the field and stopped the game. An impromptu foot race was gotten up between one of our players and a bellicose ex-prize fighter, a rapid exchange of blows following at the goal. The free fight which was imminent was happily averted, however, and the game was called. Our men returned home well satisfied with the score, 8-0.

The team next proceeded to Washington and tried conclusions with the Columbia Athletic Club. Our team was now suffering somewhat from that illusive malady—"swell-head," which has been the cause of so many falls; it proved fatal in this case. Entering the field with all the arrogance which three consecutive victories had given it, our eleven relied on the belief in its invincibility till the superior weight of Columbia had defeated it by a score of 10-6. Perhaps this defeat was timely, for it was the only one sustained during the entire season.

The deaf mutes of Kendall College were next met and overcome at Clifton. This game was chiefly characterized by the one-sidedness of the shouting. The rival team said not a word, but meant business. They gave our men a hard tussle, but were finally defeated after a close and exciting contest.

The next game, Hopkins *vs.* St. John's College, bade fair to be the most important of the season, as the championship of the State was involved. The rival teams were nearly equal in weight. In the beginning of the game Hopkins carried the ball way down in St. John's territory, but before scoring a touchdown the ball had to be returned fifty yards on account of a foul tackle. This was never made up. Iglehart, St. John's best player, worked like a fiend, and to him, more than any other one player, is due the fact that Hopkins did not score. In the second half the ball was kept dangerously near Hopkins' goal, but before either side had scored, Burlinghame, the big centre rush of St. John's, was ruled off for unnecessary roughness. (He was too "Burli-n-ghame.") St. John's refused to continue without him, and after a long dispute the game was called and given to Hopkins. Score, 6-0.

St. John's denied that Hopkins had gotten the State championship by this game, and clamored loudly for another. The foot-ball season was brought to a glorious termination when, for the second time, our veterans met and defeated them by a score of 10-6.

A large contingent of Hopkins men went with the team to Annapolis to protect it from any foul play. The point was immediately raised that Burlingame had no right to play, not being a registered student of St. John's College. To settle the dispute he was quickly taken to the official analogue of Mr. B-ll and enrolled on the books. The game was then proceeded with, and, after a long and bitter fight, Hopkins was victorious.

A procession of Hopkins men was forthwith formed, which marched jubilantly through the historically, sleepy town of Annapolis; yea, "there was a sound of revelry in Maryland's capital" such as had not been heard since the attempt "to foist that iniquitous Force Gas Bill on an unwilling public" in 1890.

Rejoicing were not stopped on reaching Baltimore, for the hurraing procession marched up Howard street with such lusty shouts that the denizens of that thoroughfare were constrained to marvel.

* * * * *

We hope that this short resumé may be interesting to the present generation and not unprofitable for those to come. It shows that our foot-ball horizon is broadening. It shows, too, that Hopkins may extend her championship of Maryland o'er a much broader field. It remains with future classes to show if this will be done.





GEORGE, PHELPS, YOUNG, MITCHELL, JACKSON, MOLINARD, NEWHALL,
 GRIFFIS, REILING, ABERCROMBIE, MORRIS, WOELFEL,
 LEE, PURNELL, HAZELTON, SMITH, DOUGHTY, THOMSON,

'93 Class Foot Ball Team.

JUSTICE demands that we make suitable mention here of a history that should properly have been recorded in the annual of a certain ignoble class which immediately preceded our own. This is neither the time nor the place for recriminations; nor, indeed, do we deign to take more than passing notice of a silence which that class fondly hoped would be considered the silence of contempt, but which was manifestly the silence of disappointed hopes and crushing defeat.

We regard the soubriquet—the Electrical Eleven—though given scornfully, a most fortunate designation, since it describes quite happily the prevailing spirit of our team and serves to explain that “tired feeling” which we are led to believe '92 experienced after meeting it—a feeling of innervation, as it were, due to excess of electro-motive force.

Our class team was the champion of the University Inter-Class Foot-Ball League. Besides meeting two “extra-leagual” teams, one of which we defeated by a score of 32-0, the other game resulting in a tie, we played the Class of '94 once and '92 twice. '94 was completely vanquished, as the score 32-0 testifies. The first game with '92 resulted in a tie, but in the second '93 was victorious with a score of 6-4. This was the decisive event, and '93 became, thereby, champions of the University.

The skill acquired from Trainer Mitchell's directions, together with Abercrombie's good captaining, combined with the individual excellence of the players to give the Juniors of '93 precedence over the Seniors of '92, despite tradition and immemorial custom.

* * * * *

We feel the more justified in alluding to what may be called ancient history, in the fact that the success of the past year's team was in a great measure due to the experience which was acquired in the University by men playing on or against our team.



Lacrosse.

1892.

Captain, B. M. ROSZEL, '89.
Manager, J. L. G. LEE, '93.

COMMITTEE.

B. M. ROSZEL. W. S. SYMINGTON. J. F. MITCHELL.

TEAM.

J. F. Mitchell, '91, <i>Goal.</i>	A. M. Reese, '92, <i>Centre.</i>
T. D. Penniman, '92, <i>Point.</i>	W. S. Symington, Jr., '91, <i>2d Attack.</i>
F. K. Cameron, '91, <i>Cover Point.</i>	H. N Abercrombie, '93, <i>1st Attack.</i>
T. F. P. Cameron, '93, <i>1st Defence.</i>	W. J. Morris, '93, <i>Out Home.</i>
R. C. Stewart, '92, <i>2d Defence.</i>	L. W. Cottman, '94, <i>In Home.</i>
W. S. Baer, '94, <i>3d Defence.</i>	B. M. Roszel, '89, <i>3d Attack.</i>

SUBSTITUTES.

P. M. Dawson, '94. J. R. Abercrombie, '92. B. M. Cone, '94.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

Hopkins *vs.* Stevens, 2-3.
Hopkins *vs.* Lehigh, 3-8.

PRACTICE GAME.

Hopkins *vs.* Stevens, 4-2.



LEE. B. M. CONE. W. R. THOMPSON. R. C. STEWART. S. CONE.
 PENNIDAN. BAER. ABERCROMBIE. ROSZEL. MORRIS. CAMERON.
 COTTMAN. SYMINGTON. MITCHELL. REESE.

Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

AT last southern colleges have combined, forming a league after the manner of our hustling northern rivals.

The benefit Hopkins will derive from this Association is incalculable. *In the first place*, it gives us a field for action—somebody to play against. We never have had, and probably never will have, sufficient funds to bring the northern colleges down for a game with us alone, but the present combination will so strengthen and raise the standard of athletics south of Mason and Dixon's line, that the crack teams of all sections will soon see the advantages of a southern practice trip preliminary to the final contests.

And now as to the character of the Association. We may as well admit that it is not just the kind we intended it to be, but probably even better than the triple league between North Carolina, Virginia and Hopkins, which our delegates to the Christmas convention were instructed to advocate. And for this reason: Now, *all* southern colleges have been given a chance to enter the Association. No one of them, for instance, can hire a professional battery, win a few games, and then whine about the "phantom" champions of the South.

Eight colleges are represented—two in Maryland, one in Virginia, two in North Carolina, two in Tennessee* and one in Alabama, so that the championship pennant expected from the ball team, besides representing \$75 cash, will mean that Hopkins has the best college ball nine of the South, and a certainty of as many dates as her manager can fill for next year.

The circuit idea will greatly reduce expenses. The three southern colleges—if Vanderbilt is admitted there will be four in this section—arrange their own schedule and send their champion team to Richmond to play the winner in the northern section for the championship of the Association and the South.

*A third college from Tennessee—Vanderbilt—has already applied for admittance.

Here, then, is our role: First, we beat St. John's, then we play the winner in the Carolina-Virginia games, and if we are fortunate enough to win this game—to be played at a time and place agreed on by the two managers—there only remains the final contest in Richmond on a fixed date.

As any college failing to put a team in the field for both base ball and foot ball, or failing to pay the \$15 assessment for each, will be expelled; and as the expenses of those in the far South will necessarily be heavy, it is not improbable that another year will see a split in the ranks. This, however, will bother us little, for, as before stated, our original idea was a triple-league, and if the Association should eventually come to that—neither Virginia nor North Carolina are averse to the plan—at least, every college in the South will have been given a chance, the good will of all will be with the league and there will be no colleges—like Cornell—grumbling on the outside.





SCOPER.

EDMONDSON,
MULLIKIN.

SCHIENCK.

LEE,
SONNEBORN.

WARFIELD.



Editor's Easy Chair.

WE met in the sanctum one bright morning the other day, and after the usual compliments of the day had been exchanged, we fell into a reminiscent mood. Tobacco—that never-lacking element of an editorial room—was there in plenty, and amidst the clouds, we sat tilted back in our easy chairs and mused—mused on the pleasures and the trials of a literary life.

One of our number, a gentle, timid soul, told us, between the puffs of his cigarette, of his experience with one of those high and mighty “dons” employed by our trustees to grace the suite of rooms on Howard street. We

heard with sympathetic ears the painful story of his ascent to the realms of the god; we shuddered as he told how he stood before the awful presence and, with stammering tongue, craved for his suffering fellow scribes below the boon of some slight portion of his much-praised wit, wherewith to grace our leaden pages. He told his admiring hearers of the awe-inspiring tones of the god's Zeus-like voice as he thundered his assent, mingled with direful threats if his will were disobeyed. We looked with wondering eyes upon our comrade as he recited his quick descent from Olympus, and spoke of the great joy which possessed his lamb-like soul when he breathed the lower air again. As he ended, a shudder passed through the frames of all, and to dispel the frightful vision, we peered into the dark depths of a Grecian jar and drank strong draughts of Libyan wine.

We turned from such painful visions, and step by step our thoughts retraced the pleasant way which we had trod. Dreams of those half-hour meetings in the sanctum came to us—dreams which always ended with a loud, stentorian cry, slightly touched with a foreign accent, of “Boys, let's go and take a drink.” Then came the real life of the class-book editor. No more dull manuscripts to read; no more eye-wearying efforts of aspiring artists—nothing but beer and tobacco, the “Kid” and Sonneborn. O, if those sparkling jests, those rippling witticisms could have found their utterance within our sanctum's walls, how easy would our task have been!

Again our fancy changed, and these came into our minds—the trembling, hesitating Freshman, timidly knocking at our door, craving admission and begging leave to lay before his lords and masters some spasmodic effusion of his dawning intellect. How well we remembered the unrighteous joy we took in using that azure-colored pencil—signal of our mighty wrath. We wondered, too, if the aspiring author would recognize his offspring when it appeared—changed, ah, so sadly changed—when the Ides of May rolled round. We caught a glimpse, too, in the smoke, of the self-important Junior striding into our council chamber, with that air of coming proprietorship which he was learning to assume so well. We smiled as we remembered how we had gently but firmly admonished him to wait until his time had come, and thought what a fall would be his also when he saw on printed page the Freshman's deadly thrust.

And thus we lingered, settling in our easy chairs, until the shadows began to fall. We had seen that the editor's life is not one wholly devoid of pleasure, but one in which the bitter and the sweet are so evenly mixed, we wished, forsooth, that we could always be editors.

And so, with one more pipe and one more draining of that Grecian jar, we left our easy chairs ready for the coming staff and slowly wended our way into the gloom, dejected and cast down.

Rudyard Kipling.

Dear Rudyard, some folks call you "Stripling,"

Vow they can't stand your verse or prose,
And pray that you may cease from Kipling;
But we are, not at all of those,
We thrill with your huge laughs and woes,
You are a man; we swear by you,
Tell us more stirring jests and throes,
Tell us those "Other Stories," too.

How did Mulvaney get "rejuiced?"

What was it that made Spurstow quail?
We're waiting to be introduced
To Ortheris at Ahmed Kheyl,
Please, won't you take us to Ao-Chung,
And have the Devil-Shrine on view?
Tell us the trial of Chung Fung,
Tell us those "Other Stories," too.

Tell us all Strickland's scrapes and chances,

What were the Sansi's Lizard song,
The Halli Hukk and Sat Bhai dances?
Was the Nasiban murder wrong?
Was the horse-thief at Attock strong?
Who painted the Death-Bull what hue?
Tell us, and please don't be too long.
Tell us those "Other Stories," too.

What was the charm at Tupranee?

What sort of recruit was Learoyd?
And the Bisara of Pooree—
Why must it never be destroyed?
Tell us about that "earnest man,"
Who was the "coolie woman?" Who
Slashed Gadsby so at Amderan?
Tell us those "Other Stories," too.

Please, who had owned that palanquin?

Tell us how Dearsly got it, do!
Tell us of Mother Maturin,
Tell us those "Other Stories," too.



GETTING HIS A. B.—SEE?

Youth.

Young you are, when joys and sorrows
Thrill you to your very core,
When you think of no "to-morrows,"
And you "do—and say no more."

When your fate seems still your toy,
And your will the mighty lord
That commandeth every joy,
Every pleasure, by its word.

When the world—a Gordian Knot—
Found in you its Alexander.
And for you, each earthly spot
Seems its choicest fruits to squander.

When a girl bewitches you
By a single, radiant look,
And her face, with changing hue,
Is to you the only book.

When you go to 'Varsity,
Unto graduation-class,
For the title of A. B.—
Meaning: Bifurcated Ass.

Excerpts.

I.

MY DEAREST MAMMA :

— — — — — sorry to afflict your sensitive heart with disastrous news. You know how much I am infatuated with my work in the chemical laboratory, so that I am seriously thinking of devoting my whole life to it.

But as to the disaster. Yesterday I was mixing some stuff with some other stuff, when all of a sudden, the mixture exploded. For a chemical compound will always explode when you don't want it to, or when you least expect it. Last week my neighbor lost an eye by such an explosion, but I am not hurt at all, not even burnt or scorched, and though all the bottles on the next desks broke to pieces, not one of them cut or scratched me. I'm all right, you needn't worry about it. But I would like you to send me some \$30 because I will have to pay for the bottles—you know — — — —

Ever true and loving son,

BILLY.

II.

O MY DARLING WILLIE :

Are you badly hurt? How can an explosion occur without hurting somebody? You did not want to write me the truth about it! I see through the noble motives that prevented you from telling me all. O please tell me all! Thus you have to suffer for too much zeal and diligence! My poor, poor son! Your eyes are not hurt, are they? O that I had never allowed you to leave me! Don't go any more to that horrid laboratory! I won't allow it. What is it good for anyhow? Write me immediately, that I may come to you to tend to the scorched remains of your one-time lovely face! God bless you!

Your anxious

MOTHER.

P. S.—Enclosed a check for fifty dollars, if it doesn't suffice, let us know.

III.

DEAR BUDGE :

Your advice worked like a charm. Poor Mother sent me fifty, and thinks that I am badly hurt. By-and-by I can foot up a doctor's and drug bill. Can't cut Lab. to-day, since I have already half a dozen cuts. Please take tickets for me, Lilly and her mother. The old girl wants to see the game too. They want to stop at the Holland House. Take rooms for me there also.

Yours,

BILL.

IV.

DEAR BILL :

Enclosed find the tickets. You are to room with handsome Freshy, since all rooms were taken at the hotel. I hope it will satisfy you, for I know you to be friends.

BUDGE.

V.

(The letter that lay unopened in Bill's P. O. Box.)

O MY DARLING WILLIE :

What a dream I had last night! It was frightful! I can't stand it any longer, I must see you! I can't rest until I have seen you, my son. I am going to take the evening train, and shall arrive in Baltimore the day after to-morrow. Don't come to the depot with your burnt face and hands. I know you *are* scorched and burnt, for I have seen you in my dream.

Your loving

MOTHER.

VI.

Western Union Telegraph Office.

Holland House.

MR. WILLIAM WHITEWASH,

(Somewhere down town):

It's time to leave. 'Bus and ladies are waiting. Hurry up.

BUDGE.

VII.

Western Union Telegraph Office.

Holland House.

MR. W. WHITEWASH :

It is inexcusable to procrastinate any longer. Return immediately! If Freshy is drunk, let him go to the doctor, or ring up an ambulance. Come quickly. Your Lilly is stamping the floor.

BUDGE.

VIII.

*Western Union Telegraph Office.**Holland House.*

MR. WHITEWASH :

What excuses can I make for you? Come, or we shall go! Your own sweet Lilly has tears in her eyes. Do you think they are tears of delight?

BUDGE.

IX.

*Western Union Telegraph Office.**Holland House.*

WHITEWASH :

We're off!

BUDGE.

X.

*Western Union Telegraph Office.**Down Town.*

MR. BUDGE,

Care of Holland House :

Bill somewhat indisposed. Don't know what's the matter with him. He is laughing continually, is trying to sing, and is anxious to make love to every lamp-post. His eyes have a certain lustre that fails to give the idea of brilliancy, but is suggestive of much spirit(s). What shall I do with him?

FRESHY.

XI.

* * * * Two students from Baltimore created quite a sensation yesterday in one of the down-town dives. The younger boy evidently took charge of the older, whose equilibrium had been sadly disturbed. He had bet a good deal of money on Princeton and, of course, was penniless after the game. The younger one, however, had hedged, so that the concern didn't lose anything. Billy, as the older student was called, showed fight to a policeman who requested him to walk straight. Quickly conveyed to the police station, the younger boy paid the fine, and both were shipped home—where they will have a chance to ponder over their metropolitan experiences.—*New York World.*

XII.

DEAR BUDGE :

Had a lively time with Bill yesterday; thought it wouldn't be proper to return with him to the hotel in such a condition. Make some excuses to his girl, because he is very anxious about her. I had lots of fun with him in the car, since he addressed me all the time by her name, tried to embrace and kiss me—but there I drew the line. After all, he is a lucky dog, for when he came home in that questionable condition, his mother had just arrived to visit him. I couldn't understand what was the matter with the old lady—for she seemed out of her wits when she beheld him. She must have thought him dead, or otherwise she must be particularly fond of a spiritual smell, for she kissed him again and again. She said something about an explosion, but I couldn't make out what she referred to. Bill seemed satisfied, and told me to get away and write to you to take good care of Lilly.

So, so. Yours,

FRESHY.



Amabam.



Fore'er I shall remember the strand
Where she and I sat hand in hand ;
I clasped her close with loving zest,
She leaned so gently 'gainst my breast
 Whilst the billows kept a-meeting,
 Whilst our young hearts kept a-beating :
 Plunk !-Plunk !-Plunketyplunk !
 Plunk !-Plunk !-Plunketyplunk !

But when she took her instrument
And touched it light with fingers bent,
A burning tear rose in my eye,
Because our parting was so nigh :
 Because the lovely girl was singing
 Gaily, to the banjo ringing :
 Plunk !-Plunk !-Plunketyplunk !
 Plunk !-Plunk !-Plunketyplunk !

Then, did I grasp her finger-tips
And brought them to my trembling lips.
"This is the last, the very last eve,
To-morrow, love, I take my leave—"
 The banjo fell upon the ground,
 Mournfully rose the broken sound :
 Plunk—Plunk—Plunkety— ———

Bill Shakes.

I went to sleep out on the grass
 Late of a sultry afternoon,
And dreamed I held a new free pass
 Over all roads ; and pretty soon
Came to the tropic frontier post
 Which might be mispronounced as Hades,
And there I met Bill Shakspere's ghost
 Loafing at ease among the shades.
He gave my hand a ghostly grip,
 Linked arms and led me from the car
To share with him a spectral nip
 Of whiskey at a ghostly bar.
I asked him how he liked the muss
 Folks made about himself and Bacon,
And what he thought of all the fuss
 By which some weak-brained folks are shaken.
"Old Pard," he said, "I hardly know
 "Even a rumor of their capers,
"I live as I lived long ago,
 "And never read the daily papers.
"Whether their talk is pat or lame,
 "Why should I bother what they say?
"Did I take any care to claim
 "My own work, even in my day?
"I had a knack for catching styles
 "From others : when my pups were whelped
"I didn't care who said their files
 "Had helped me, or who thought they helped.
"The facts are with me. My own pen
 "Wrote down my dreams. And yet, somehow,
"I didn't care who knew it then ;
 "And I don't care who thinks so now."

Scenes in the Gym.

The gymnasium is the center around which all social life at the Hopkins revolves. Everyone is at home there. To be sure, solitary figures, with books tightly clasped in their arms, are occasionally seen rushing through the rooms like disembodied spirits, looking neither to the right nor to the left, as though fearful of being enticed into a few moments of idleness by the habitually indolent atmosphere of the place. These saintly characters are few in number. The great majority are willing to give themselves over to hours of "inglorious ease." "Gym., Gym., sweet Gym.," is the burden of many a fellow's song, if we may interpret constant attendance as love. Think what a barren waste life would be to many if this little, dingy, brick building were gone! O, harrowing thought! Allah be praised, 'tis but a fancy.

Let us look at the first phase of gymnasium life—the Fixtures, those who



make of the Gym. their permanent abode; they eat there, they drink there, they *wash* there, consequently, by virtue of international law, the Gym. is their domicile. Now a fixture, to speak as a lawyer, is anything of an accessory character annexed to houses and lands so as to constitute a part of them. This explanation is given for fear that otherwise the reader's mind might inadvertently turn to the thought of *gas* fixtures. And not without reason, for gas fixtures of a certain kind are to be found there in such quantity as could supply the Chicago exposition with light, as well as a certain member of our class will supply the lower house—if we may believe our illustrious prophet. Truly the fixtures would be sufficient, but the gas is, alas, not illuminating gas, but only carbon dioxide. The utilitarian mind might see here a chance to turn a waste product into useful channels. Let that part of the yard which is enclosed within the wire gauze be converted into a truck patch, and then conduct the above-mentioned carbon dioxide, by means of pipes, to the patch. In a short time, this now useless spot might be made to “blossom as the rose” owing to the luxuriant vegetation. The products could be readily sold to the Dairy Lunch and other Howard-street hash-houses, and thus a not inconsiderable revenue might be added to the Hopkins fund. The money raised from this source might be allowed to accumulate for a couple of years and then be used for the establishment of a new scholarship. Think how invigorating it would be after an exam. in major physics to step out into the garden and see the scientific Hopkins scholar mowing the celery, or trimming the strawberry tree, or milking the sorrel steer! Here is a broad field for inventive genius. We give the suggestion gratis. But we fear we are digressing [we have read Herodotus.] To return to our “fixtures.” They are peculiar things, *sui generis*. Give one a stool, a place near the stove, a lighted cigarette and another “fixture” to talk to, and you will behold a creation sufficiently unique for the most cavil genius. These excrescences, be it said, are indigenous to college gymnasiums and, fortunately, are not numerous.

It is interesting to watch their movements. See! one comes in now, smoking the inevitable cigarette. How carelessly he walks in; with what an air of proprietorship does he calmly survey the room. Listen to their conversation. “Hello! what is it?” “You look jaggged!” “Did you see that sight for jaded people at the Central—that girl in third act, when she ——,” etc., *ad nauseam*.

These fellows are good natured and sociable, however, and “are not so bad as they sound,” as a countryman remarked about a Wagnerian symphony.

What does that group over there in the corner mean, that subdued murmur of excitement, that irregular noise as though something were “gently dropping, dropping on the woody stool?” We crowd around and see divers small mottled cubes raised and dropped, we hear certain numbers repeated, among which the Biblical seven figures prominently, as if possessed of talismanic virtues; we hear interjections, now joyous and innocent, now emphatic and inelegant. Or, perhaps, we see circular pieces of metal bearing the superscription, not of Cæsar, but of the Goddess of Liberty, shoved at certain localities of the room. What does it mean? you say. Well, drop in some time and see, but you have to pay to “come in it.”

Such scenes as these are typical of the ordinary life of our “fixtures.”

* * * * *

But let us look at another phase. Lined up against the walls of the room on every side are the fellows. A big foot-ball man is in front of the stove. No unseemly levity is noticeable. There is visible on each person’s face a look of firm determination, mingled with a certain eager desire to perform his duty conscientiously. This body of men is that association which bears the euphonious title, “The Pot Socials.” The “pots” are in solemn conclave. They are about to perform their legitimate functions.

A trampling of feet is heard. A crowd of the junta’s emissaries burst into the room with a struggling man in their midst. With terror depicted on his face, the victim is led before the awe-inspiring tribunal. No prayer is offered—report hath it that Dennett is now opening all his oysters with prayer—the victim is made to kneel while a prospective doctor is receiving his degree; he is then handed over to the “pots” as a sacrifice, his fate typifying the condition of society when an unlimited number of these pseudo-doctors shall have been forced upon an unoffending public. Immediately a scene, pandemoniac in character, ensues. An object, apparently with an abnormal number of legs, arms and heads, is seen bounding from one side of the room to the other, ricocheting, now here, now there, describing parabolic curves whose loci are hopelessly dislocated, rushing full-tilt one way and as suddenly returning whence it came.

It is a moving spectacle—a picture of much “action.” What can be its meaning? Why, simply this—the “pots” in full activity. The moving body is the victim, who is stimulated to behave him thus by successive excitations administered to his periphery by the strong hand(les) of the “pots.” This is the original mode of punishment prescribed by the constitution.

When the victim has sacrificed his breath, two or three collar buttons and his shirt bosom to appease the fierce wrath of his tormentors, he is allowed to depart—a man who has undergone an experience worthy of being portrayed by a Dante.

If in the midst of the above rites, the herald should announce the approach of certain notorious characters, a kaleidoscopic change would take place in the council. The “pots” would instantly get under the most convenient covering, for they acknowledge fealty to one and but one body of superiors.

N. B.—There is a rumor that the president of the “pots,” one Colonel by name, is to be deposed from his lofty seat and made away with, as charges of treasonable negotiation with the enemy have been preferred against him.

The scene shifts again. The snow is falling fast; the wind howls and blusters against the door. Gathered cosily about the red-hot stove is a crowd of the boys. There is a banjo and a guitar too. Hark! A song is started up. We dimly comprehend that it describes the delights of an everlasting abode in a certain torrid place, not accurately located in geographies; or it may be that they are singing about a mysterious visit to a “Turkey Point joint.”

Verily, these are edifying hymns. It is reported that one of them may be substituted for the more pretentious, though less inspiring, University ode next Commemoration. Allah again be praised!

For the last phase of life in the Gym., let us look in the large room—the gymnasium proper. It is night, but the cheerless aspect which the room generally presents to the nocturnal visitor has undergone a marvelous transformation. It is brilliantly lighted, the buzz of many voices is heard, and silvery laughter ever and anon rises above the hum of conversation. The fellows are in their swallow-tails, and with their best girls leaning on their arms, are promenading cautiously over the waxed floor. This is one of the quarterly seances given by the Matriculate Society, furnishing as it does to Baltimore’s beauties one of the most coveted means of pleasure known to our city.

Of a sudden we hear music—the inspiring strains of the Washington Post March causes an immediate stir among the students and their fair guests. Soon the whole number is in motion, and in the midst of the giddy whirl of the “two-step,” we will bid adieu to our “Scenes in the Gym,,” with the hope that all those who have not as yet fully participated in the enjoyments of gymnasium life, will forthwith mend their ways and “pitch right in.”

FEMININE.

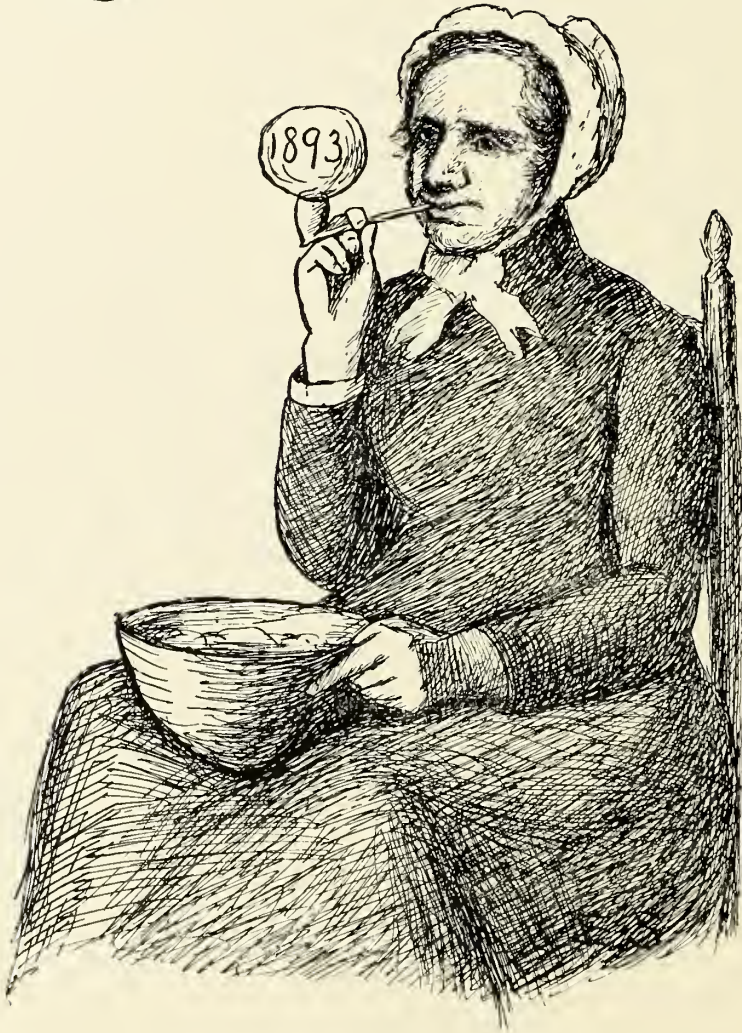
She said: “This time I’ve come to stay.”
And instantly she went away,
And was gone all the livelong day.

And when she said: “I can’t remain.”
We could not quite the thought restrain
She never would depart again.

1891

1892

1893



Alma Mater Hopkins.

Alma Mater.

Thou, *Alma Mater*, stand'st on thy high pedestal,
Grand and sublime.
The work of the human race,
The powers of time and space,
Science and history
Belong to thee.

Penance and sacrifice, prayers and frankincense
Thou dost not ask.
Only an open mind,
Courage with patience lined,
Love and veracity
Are dear to thee.

Thy words are solemn law, graven with fiery writ
Into our hearts,
And through our mouth and hand
Pervading every land.
Thus human destiny
Is shaped by thee.

Listen, *Alma Mater*, to our most solemn vows,
Uttered with glee :
Ever to love the truth,
Ever to strive for truth,
Ever to bend our knee,
Mother, to thee.

To(e) Slik.

To Hopkins University, not long ago there went
A man who seemed in his usefulness by special Prov'dence sent,
A man who knew all foot-ball rules as tho' 'twere A B C—
A man, par excellence, was he, when he was referee.

He, too, could punt and pass the sphere, and do that passing well,
And he could kick and shout and shove and run and fuss and yell.
If rival chanced to hit our men, with malice aforethought,
Quick in return would he hit back, nor recked he what he wrought.

Now foot ball, of all out-door games, sure is the very roughest,
And calls for deeds of recklessness and men the very toughest.
He, who to foot-ball fame aspires, had best insure his life,
And then forego all hope of rest, and peace and heaven and wife.



For broken faiths and broken arms
and broken hearts are many,
And broken pocket-books are found,
containing ne'er a penny.
But bruises on the campus got, are
tokens held to be
Of hard-fought conflicts, bitter fights
and glorious victory.

Now our hero was spared all hurt in
battles, tho' full sore,
Only to meet his Nemesis in a vulgar
stable door.
An ordinary stable door was the cause
of all his woes,
For it dropped, and from one foot cut
off, save one, all of his toes.

How ignominious the fate which met our hero bold,
Indeed, I feel I needs must blush, tho' half the story's told.
O stable door, disgusting thing! I'll ever be your foe,
For you produced, by off-side play, this doleful "tale of toe."

Full soon the place where toes had been—[e'en now 'tis empty shoe,
Tho' nose and teeth are often had, toes ne'er are gotten new.]
The toes were he(e)aled, a crutch procured, he to the Gym. repairs,
An anxious, questioning crowd surrounds and asks him how he fares.

"How many toes are gone?" some ask, "How many toes remain?"
"Can you play foot ball, still?" they ask, and shout with might and main—
Ge-he, ge-ha, ge-ha, ha, ha, Slik! and shout anew,
And then they raise that grand old yell, the mighty hullabaloo.

To stop the questions pouring in which
he'd answered four-score times,
A piece of card-board he obtained and
wrote the following lines :
"Every damn one gone but one," it
said, "yes, I can play foot ball."
Then pinned the placard on his back
and stood talking in the hall.

When a message from the Pres'dent
came, desiring him to see,
He forgot that placard on his back [so
persons have told me];
But when he turned to go away, the
placard in full view,
The Pres'dent looked and saw and
smiled, and so, I'm sure, would you.





Vitas Hinnuleo.

Chloe, it does not seem to reach you
What hugs and kisses are in fact ;
And both in precept and in act
I very much would like to teach you.

You only hug and kiss your mother,
Yet, though you're small alongside me,
It's plain for anyone to see
You're big enough to kiss some other.

But the idea don't seem to strike you,
You're like a little fawn for fear,
And still more like a little dear
To me, so very much I like you.

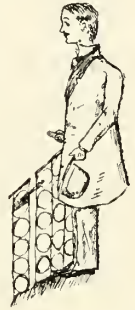
My Stage Debut.

(Told and supplied with drawings by a Dutchman.)

GAME one fine day of my Freshman-year, a friend of mine indo de glass-room, delling me dat he had daken dickets for bod of us for de Lyceum, as Bood and Barrett were blaying dere. I accepted de invidazion vid danks. De dicket he gave me was a blue sdrib of baber, an dere vas nodding on id but dat yord, "soupe." Dought I, if you eat saur-kroust, soupe usually preceedes, and if you have insulded de landlady, you are in de soupe. Bud soupe can't mean soupe in dis gase—derefore, I must look it up in de dicshonair.

Woe to me dat I forkot to do so! For dat night dey gave Julius Ceezaar, and my best girl—she ain't no more my best girl since dat night—went to see it. She let me know, an dressed in my finest suit of clothes, I dried do went in wid her indo de orchestra circle. When I showed dat blue sdrib of baber mid de soupe on it, says de man, de Cerberus dat vatches dad barderre, to me: "Get oud quickly, you soupe!" As I had not caught de meaning of his words, I asged him: "Vhat?" Answers he: "Get away, you darned soupe," and gives me a healdy, but radder bainful hit versus my stomach. I turned around and stebbed on de does of dat young lady. She didn't say anyding aloud, bud I saw severaal dings blainly wridden on her flushed face and in her ankry eyes, and inferred a good deal from de way she durned around and hurried wid her ma into deir seads, widoud saying anodder vord to me.

Dere I sdood for a liddle vhile and de beoble around me were laughink and smilink. Den I made up my mind, an vent do de dicket office to ask vhedder dot biece of blue baber vas from dem. Dey said: "Yea, it is a soupe-dicket, and you must go around de gornor, drough de alley, an ender de deatre from behind." So I vend around de gornor, indo a dark alley, indo a deep gudder, got wet feet, and finally reached de deatre. I got inside of id radder quickly, for I fell down dwo flights of sdairs. When I arrived ad de boddom of de second stairs, de man dat dakes de dickeds said: "You are radder lade! Did you dake de cars or did you walk hidder?" Says I: "No, sir; I dook de air-line."



Den I vent ahead an game into a room, de looks of vvhich were no bedder dan its perfumes. Dere were apout dirty girls sittink or standink apout. One had only her birthday dress on and seemed quide bleased wid it. I liked it a



good deal myself. Anodder was wrabbed in an imperial toga, whilst odders were compledeley addired in de stately garments of a Roman lady. Some of dem looked antique enough to awaken de illusion dat dey had been actually bresend on Ceezaar's murder; odders smoked cigareddes or were eating garamels. One, who was fixing her hair—her's, if she had paid for it—esbied me all of a zudden and asked me vvat I was looking in for. I dold her dat I vas also a soupe, and wanded to dress, but not in deir room. "Durn to your right," she told me, "durn to your right and be — —."

Dat girl's wish became nearly drue. It dad boudoir of de she-soupes had been a liddle growded, dat room vvhich I vas about to ender vas zimblely chammed. Dere were fellows in all sdades and conditions, an evaporations of all ginds and tescriptions. De air would have served as a tis-infectant, for any cholera pacillus would have godden colic from it. But how does our learned doctor say? "To berceive continually is to berceive nodding," and very soon my olfactory orkans were tired by de "too-much," and I glosed my eyes now an den to loose sighd of de horrible dings and actions around me. Dere were licdors bractizink wid deir axes, and generals dat didn't know how to holt a sword; dere were briests dat knew nodding of augury, and sen-addors dat had never heard of de Corpus Juris. And all dese men were dalking togedder and helping each odder. A stern licitor would tie de strings of a soldier's poot, whilst an august high-priest was trying to lace de cuirass of a general.

When de man dat had daken me in hand had some difficulties in squeezing my pody into de narrow circuit of a sdage cuirass, de sweed memories of vvhich vend back, perhaps, to the slender vaist of a preddy souprette, several senaddors condescended readily to help him. De greadest difficuldy, however, presended idself in fintink a bair of dides vvhich might fairly fit me. I vas de last to be dressed, and dere were only dwo bair dides left. De one were doo shord on de dop, de odder reached only just benead my knees. Dose we dook, and after having dem securely fasedened round my vaist, dey vere drawn down over

my red sdoekings by means of leadder sdraps. Dad looked all right as long as I stood straight, but I surveyed de whole affair wid growing suspicion whenever I made use of my liberdy as a Roman citizen and walked apoud or drier do sid town.

When my addire of a “new-born son of Mars” was compledet, I made sdrong effords to pud on a correspondink gaid an mien, but all in vain. Moreover, I like to see de feller dat could ged ub an histrionic afflatus in a room seven by eight, wid dwo dozen beobles in it. So I heaved a breaz of relief when we vhere led ubsdairs, where each soldier was provided wid a shield and a spear. Dad I hadn’t exbecded—dat I was to act wid someding. Dey oughd to have let me know beforehand, dat I could have bracdized ad home. But now —!

Goot Gott! When I came oud upon de sdage, as a guard unto great Ceezaar, all eyes, id zeemed to me, durned upon myself and Bood; mostly upon myself, though. Dat embarrassed me awfully, and den de feeling dat de sdraps on my bands might burst every moment and bring a scarlet-colored sdoeking to de full view of everypoddy, did not add anydding to my feelink of gomford. Intee, it made me feel so pat dat I raised my shield up to my face, aldough all de odder fellows gebt it hangink town (de shield, not de face). Pud I like to know what a soldier has his shield for, if not to hite his face behind it. So I dook it alternately into my right or left hand, which ever was nearest to de shell-point audience. Of course dat evoked some facial ripples dere, but I didn’t mind. Somepoddy else, though, did mind it, and dat was de sdage-master, who caught me by my arm, on his first obbordunidy, and dragged me from de sdage. Among a lod of nice dings, he dold me I was a rodden soupe and no good ad all for a soldier. Den he sent me townsdairs indo de dressing-room, vhere dey made a senaddor oud of me.

To fill up de dime until my abbearance in de dird acd, I intended do zee a liddle de actink. Pud vhenver I drier to look in, de stage-master drier to brevend me from doink it. Dat crew monotonous, and bod of us lost our demper. He used worse words dan I had ever heard in de moud of a live American. Says I to my friend, who stood near us: “In vhat language is dat



man swearing?" Says he do de stage-master, dat I am a foreigner who don't unnersdant English yet. Comes de answer, "Shall I sbeak to him, berhabs in Ladin?" "No," says I to him, "you sbeak your own tonkue pat enough." Dad makes Mr. Barrett smile, and he says to me: "Dose sdage servands dread us actors meanly, don't dey?" "Dey do, sir; dey do!" vas my rebly, when his cue came and he had to leave me.

Finally game de glimax, dad is de scene where I was do abbear as a senaddor. I musd say I feld comfordaple in dat flowing garment, not for any zesdetic reasons, however, bud simply because de straps on dose dides beink sdronger dan de buddons, and dere beink only dwo buddons left—dose dwo bearing all de grave resbondsibility to geeb de honor and dignidy of a Roman senaddor indact—I dought de toga might prolect me in any gread emergency. De senaddorial seeds were arranged in a semi-circle, one row above de odder. When de curdain arose, Ceezaar sat himself town imperially, de senaddors did de same, and dere was de slighd rebort of one of my buddons on de floor. Den Metellus got up to bray for his brodder's life, and I feld how my susbenders gave way and were slitink town and town. Den te uproar grew, de conspiradors growded round Ceezaar, and I



grew more and more anxious apout making my exit. And, as I feared, so it habbened. When de murter was done and all and every poddy flet away, I only got to de dird row of seats, and den I had do sdop and do sit down. Don't asg me no reason, bity me only, bity me! Some feller had also dorne my doga down, and dere I sad unmovable, wid a "high, standing collar and a red necktie." Dat beaudiful ode ran drough my mind—"When all but him had fled." I did not dare to lift my eyes, for I knew everypoddy vas lookink at me and laughink. Brutus spoke earnestly, and all was still behind de stage. Dey didn't know of my steadfastness yet. Cassius bekan his rantink, and I drempled, for I heard lout talking and peals of laughter. Den Mark Andony abbeared and ridded himself of some lonk sbeeches, and den de dears came indo my eyes, for I was awfully ashamed, and I heard de stage-master's voice dreadenink me

dinks worse dan deaz. De consderation on de faces of de actors also crew palpable, and Andony waided a long while ere he began his subbosod soliloqui near Ceezaar's poty. Pud he need not fear dreason of me, for vhen de curdain fell after dad scene, dere vas a general rush doward me, all growded around me as if I vere a hero, or a green ass—I dink radder de ladder. Dey all dalked a good deal in anger and in mockery, and de stage-master, widoud much zere-mony, threw me from dat senaddorial sead, conducded me gently back indo de dressing-room and finally kicked me oud of de deadre, wid an eloquent appeal do de devil to take charge of me.

Dat was my stage debut, and most likely de end of my histrionic career also, and I must confess dat I never felt sorry to have found out dat, as a soupe, I am a complede failure.





A Dream.

I heard the glee club when
Its stocks were still at par—
Grew envious and wanted
To learn to play guitar.

I took the finest teacher
To be gotten near and far—
To make of me a master
At playing the guitar.

He taught me what the notes were.
And what a key and bar—
Forgotten in the corner
Stood meanwhile my guitar.

And when I tried to work it,
It gave an ugly jar—
That made me pessimistic
'bout playing the guitar.

Had then this dream, quite fitted
All hope and joy to mar :
Near uncle's house, with dire
Results, I played guitar.

Next day I hounced my teacher,
And lighted my cigar
With matches which our nigger
Had made of my guitar.

J. H. U.

The boys who run and glide about
Like crazy molecules,
The learned men who use their books
And copied notes as tools,
In olden times one would have sent
Them to a house of fools—
And so do we, but that we call
Those institutions—schools.

A three-years' course at Hopkins is
Each student's heavy due,
And I assure you, perfect fools
Are all those who get through.
Great men look stupid in their youth.
A paradox! If true,
Then you will be all very great,
You of the J. H. U.

Some will be doctors; and the blind
Will go, the lame will see.
Some will be teachers; study will
Be simply fun and glee.
Some will be lawyers and accept
But half the wonted fee—
And undertakers, students, husbands
Can e'er go on a spree.

A Simple Apprehension.

On one evening in October,
When his daily work was o'er,
With his aching brain beclouded
From his temples throbbing sore,
Sat a Senior cramming Logic,
With his eyes fixed on the floor.
As a dullness stole upon him,
Seemed within that very room
Near to him a shape uncanny
As a spirit from a tomb ;
Seemed to him—yea, he was certain
Of the outline in the gloom.
Pale blue light shone on the spirit,
Showed a giant mailed knight,
Who came nearer to the student,
Grasped his head and held it tight ;
And with throbbing, vise-held temples,
Senior heard these words with fright :
“ Man, thou’st grappled with a giant,
“ Not with just thy text-book there ;
“ Challenged me, a Formal Science,
“ Made of something more than air.
“ Who can with my knotty problems
“ Pound thy brain and bleach thy hair.
“ I’m the spirit of the Logic ;
“ Senior, keep the spirits high
“ Till next June, and then we’ll settle,
“ Then decide, ’twixt thou and I,
“ Who is Brutus, who is Cæsar,
“ At that modern Philippi.”
Then, on fading still the spirit
Held his grip with might and main ;
And the Senior’s head grew dizzy
While he felt the throbbing pain,
To so many students common,
That have Logic on the brain.

L. E. P.

This Class of Ours.

"Here's to '93, drink it down, down, down!"

WELL, some characteristics and peculiarities of these classmates of ours are to be noted; but be it understood, from first to last, that they are splendid fellows, every one of them.

The most of them come under two primary heads: those who "bone" and those who "bone" not. There is a real analogy between these two classes and the two great classes of substances known to chemistry as acids and bases. The bases, as well in the class-room as in the laboratory, serve to neutralize the acids. It would go hard with a professor if he had to deal with "bones" alone—for the strictest attention would be paid to his lectures; the most sifting questions would puzzle him at every step; and, in short, he would have to plug up thoroughly on every phase of his subject. "How sharp they are!" he would say again and again. Dealing with acids, you see.

On the other hand, the correspondence of the "non-bones" with bases seems to be recognized by the profs. themselves. One will begin an examination with the smiling pleasantry, "Now, gentlemen, I shall try your mettle." A few hours later, he makes out his report for Tommy with a disgusted growl, "base metal!"

And again, just as no strict line can be drawn between the acids and the bases, the same substance appearing now as the one and now as the other, so a number of the classmen exhibit "boning" combined with "non-boning," in proportions so nearly equal, that one can only say they form a neutral party, which on the eve of an exam. becomes acid, and on the day after decidedly basic. It should be said, however, that at Christmas, at Easter, and on the first of June, every man will, so to speak, turn litmus red.

Proceeding, you observe two sorts of men who may be said to "bone:" the "bone proper" or the "great bone," which species, happily, seems to be dying out, and the "semi-bone."

Here is your great bone. He wears spectacles, of course; and he has a dull, sallow complexion, or else pretty, pink, boyish cheeks. This man behaves himself properly, does nothing naughty either "in school or out." He is never late at lectures; gives his prof. the full ten minutes required by law; never cuts a class or the lab. for "business down town;" and he never flirts with the "old gal" on the heights above the McCoy Hall foundation. He does not torture his mathematics to make the chlorate of potash have just 39.18 per cent. of oxygen; he knows exactly whether the brain contains 6,000 or 600,000,000 cells; and he reads the "little book of Bernstein." He is dreadfully narrow—he studies his "lessons" most minutely, he works like a Trojan over his essays, and does nothing more. He would rather not be left alone with a girl. But the bone is a good fellow, when you know him, a most conscientious fellow; and so good-natured that he will spend half an hour in explaining to you "simple reaction time," though you be the worst rake in the class.

The semi-bone is also a student, a "scrubber," if you like. He, too, views his college work seriously, but he looks outside his own trench to see what others are doing. Depending on neither genius nor trickery, he follows the incontrovertible doctrine, *labor omnia vincit*; moreover, he finds no irreconcilable contradiction between this and that other principle, *amor omnia vincit*; so that when, from time to time, he wearies of *labor*, he refreshes himself with *amor*. He has much class loyalty, and "when the hurlyburly's done" at Annapolis, he helps to yell "Oh, what a sinch!" He is somewhat of an epicure, will discuss a good bottle with you in a quiet way, but he has no patience with boisterous carousings. The semi-bone holds an influence in the class.

When, now, you pass over to the side of the non-bones, you meet a great array of tact, wit, jollity and, if it must be confessed, dullness; with much of the substantial in a latent state, also much of the elegant unsubstantial. Here are the creased trousers and hair parted in the middle; here the sporty fraternities seek recruits; here are dilettanti discussing the fine arts in melodious platitudes, with every an Italian a.

Again, you may make two classes—the "simple non-bone" and the "ultra non-bone" or "chronic flunk."

Your simple non-bone is the cavalier of the class. He is here only to get a degree, not to study. However, he does find it profitable to study his prof., for

with a little keen observation, he comes to interpret with great exactness the "local signs" of that ministerial face, and before venturing far in his hazarded answer, he perceives whether he should sail on with all boldness or take in canvas and "hedge." This simple non-bone possesses great skill in manipulating accidents; he is always on the alert for "something to turn up." He runs the Pot Social, and takes an active part when they "warm up," but out of deference to authority, he yields the presidency to the Colonel. He is the one to get up your "feeds," arrange your "theatres," lead the "cane rush" and the "trip on the town." He is the jolly, social fellow, and gives "wines." Most important of all, he upholds the class in athletics. No class can afford to lose the simple non-bone. He is the butter on the bread of the semi-bone.

But the ultra non-bone, the chronic flunk! What earthly good is he? Here is your extreme base, your alkali. What better can you do with an alkali than make good, useful soap? Alas, no! not even soap; he is not fat withal! Is it not a sin, a cruelty, to send him to school? He has a soft voice; is that, perhaps, the reason you can hear so little from him? Once his teacher would not ask him a certain question, "because almost any child could answer it." There! Capital idea! A place for the crooked stick! Infant psychology. "By it mental facts are reached at their origin and in their simplest form." But then, after all, the flunk is not a bad fellow, indeed is a good fellow in his way—he means well by you. Gold can never buy a man brains, yet it may do veritable miracles. Yes; when you think of it again, he is a clever fellow, excellent at light conversation. Many a mother of a daughter will form designs upon him, and he will be stolen from us ere we know our loss.

These four types will represent, with a fair degree of accuracy, the normal minds of the class. But you must not ignore the cases of psychiatry.

Here is one *sui generis*. He is the victim of an insistent idea—he aspires to be a martyr, longs to sacrifice himself to the appetites of wild, South Sea picaninnies. To prepare himself for this high vocation, he will have Hebrew, though the entire Board of Collegiate Advisers disapprove. With what peculiar force should that awful warning come home to him, "The *gobble*-uns 'll git ye, if you don't watch out!" But he is heedless. Offer your prayers for his speedy recovery.

The modern Euphuus is another who defies classification. His memory is richly stored with the latest and most elegant slang, divine puns and gorgeous circumlocutions for the vulgar terms of ordinary people; he originates many

ingenious conceits. He is a very jewel of a flirt. Were Venus to fall into her old ways again, in him she would find her Adonis, but not quite so coy an Adonis. He is one, in fine, who would not swap shoes with you “for gold or precious stones.”

Last, but—if one could only rate men by their weight—by no means least, is the big representative from Old Dominion. His favorite employment between the acts is to perch on the topmost step of the physical lab. entrance and, while enjoying the comfort of his cigarette, meditate on the uselessness of study, the vanity of human toil. Then he goes in and occupies his allotted seat. But, at rare intervals, he gets off a truly good thing—as when he settled the prof. so neatly that time by interrupting what was to have been a stately, measured protest, with the laconic “Yes, sir; I will speak to you about it after class.” Cæsar smiled, bowed, shut up.

Thus they appear individually. But all these peculiarities, all this variety, is bound together into that unity, the class, where each fills the place that he alone can fill. Fellows, we may laugh at one another and satirize one another as much as we will, but never can we forget that we are one. It takes all of '93 to make '93.





Illicit Minor.

“To make a term universal in the conclusion which was particular in the premise, is to commit the fallacy of illicit minor.”—*Jeon's Deductive Logic*.

The night was dark and drear ;
The snow lay thick and deep.
A “copp” passed by the door just nigh,
And thought he'd stop and sleep.

An object caught his eye,
This exponent of law
Did hear a wail as though a male
Were crying for its ma.

“Send to an orphanage.”
“Name it Bitumen Cole.”
The justice rose, the baby goes,
And on the world doth roll.



Going Home.

Oft when I am tumbling home at midnight,
Gaily singing aft' a gay carouse,
Sudden calmness lulls that youthful frenzy
When I pass some pretty maiden's house.

I stand still, am expectation's captive,
If my longed-for chances lucky prove,
If on lighted blinds the changing shadow
Of a young and graceful head does move.

Of two arms, yet thin and lacking roundness,
Raised aloft to take pin after pin
From her hair; of chastely molded shoulders,
Round which falling threads a net-work spin.

Our professors would grow fat and lazy,
Would proclaim me as their dearest pet,
If I watched but half as sharp their doings
As I watch that lovely silhouette.

A Theory of Accounts.

IN the early existence of the empire of the aborigines, before the class of '93 had made its influence felt, the chiefs of the aborigines were devotees of a superstition called the Theory of Accounts. What this theory really was, is a matter of wildest speculation. Some suppose it to have been an outgrowth of Chinese law or an effect of Phœnician commerce; another thinks the theory to have been suddenly formed by heating together, in a closed tube, equal parts of debitium, creditate and hydrocyanic acid. The acid would naturally absorb all the creditate, leaving behind debitium, a hard, insoluble mass.

But whatever may have been the nature of the theory, so much is certain, that it made the empire of the aborigines a bad place to live in. The chiefs tore the victims from the breasts of their beloved nurses of the historical department, and sent the trembling classes every Wednesday to the High-Priest of the Theory of Accounts to be prepared for the great sacrifice of midsummer. But the class of '93 was the first and last to suffer thus; it dealt a crushing blow at the terrible monster. Upon the High-Priest, the class directed its attacks. He was a giant in stature, with deep wrinkles on his head, and with a grizzly beard. His garb was a long, flowing, motley-colored coat of shining beauty. His pedal extremities were elegantly curved. His works were exhibited on sacrificial parchment wonderfully and fearfully made. To keep them ever before his pupils' eyes, he held one paper in his hands, another was pinned to his coat-tail.

When he entered the sacrificial chamber, loud acclamation arose; then he stalked mournfully up and down, offered an inefficient prayer to the two goddesses of Silence and Order; then called up the spirits of defaulted cashiers, careless bookkeepers and cunning bankers. These were his idols; these the models he placed before his victims; their art, the arts he taught to practice. Week after week, the great class of '93 groaned under his baleful influence. The numbers of the victims grew less and less, but owing to some moral defect, the doom-book of the High-Priest did not record this decrease.

Finally, the time of the grand midsummer festivals came near, and now the question arose whether the Theory of Accounts was again to victimize a number of human beings, or whether that grisly superstition was to be reduced to the level of a harmless myth. Was there any power in any part of the empire of the aborigines, whether legislative, executive or judicial, that could undo what the class of '93 had done? If there was any such power, it did not show itself, for the High-Priest withdrew before the final festival, and the sacrificial edict was suppressed by the chief of the aborigines of his own will and accord.

Then '93 breathed a heavy sigh of relief and rested from the fight which it had bravely won, by mere cutting—cutting without excuse. May coming generations remember the harrowing fears of previous classes, their hours of dreary idleness, their anxieties and troubles before the finals, and may they, upon these considerations, cherish the memory of the class that fought their battles—the class of '93.



Class-Room Nine.

How many a recollection dear,
Of many a man, for many a year,
 Goes back to Class-Room Nine!
Now listen, friend, and let me tell
What memories, though they're yours as well,
 Yet, ne'ertheless, are mine.

That room in thought brings back again
The arguments of Mullikin
 And Adams' anecdotes.
And also in those days of yore,
There Bassett tumbled on the floor,
 There Ely lost his notes.

One Easter tide in that old room,
We heard Scott say in words of doom,
 That multitudes would flunk ;
And troubles helped confuse the name
Of Boniface, of papal fame,
 With Boniface, the monk.

When howling blasts of winter's wind
Made threats to cave the skylight in,
 Upon our heads below,
The sheepskin books, in cases tall,
Formed resting places round the wall,
 For flying balls of snow.

The memories of old Class-Room Nine
Through permanent results entwine
 Of courses that we took ;
And tales which from that room arise
Would fill a volume 'most the size
 Of Taswell-Langmead's book.

Mind It.

Beginning this happiness anew,
The pleasure-crammed vacations,
It's well indeed to give you now
Some modern regulations.
Be not afraid, they don't entail
For you the least privation.
When you have heard 'em once, you'll say
They'll stand reiteration.

Praise father's wisdom, horses, dogs,
At home without cessation ;
For mother's cakes and creams evince
A lasting adoration,
And you will find that both will heap
Donation on donation,
So that your pocketbooks will burst
By sheer paper-inflation.

Be good to girls! Do kiss them oft,
And do not mind negation,
And make them give you for their lips
A standing invitation.
A big, big purse, a little girl,
A little bit flirtations — —
I bet you, boys, that is the stuff
To spend with your vacations!

Picture Gallery.



TURNBULL.



PENROSE.



BLACKFORD.



DORSEY.



MOSES.



SOAP-HER.



REULING.



(IT'S A BOY.)
SONNEBORN.



WOODWARD.



WILSON.



CAMER(A)ON.

All About Us.

THERE are forty-nine of us. Thirty-four are from Maryland; five from Washington, D. C.; three from Illinois; one from West Virginia; one from Virginia; one from Wisconsin; one from Pennsylvania; one from Indiana, and one from Oregon.

We are divided into Groups, thus: Group I has seven members; Group II has four members; Group III has four members; Group IV has four members; Group V has two members; Group VI has sixteen members; Group VII has four members. There are seven who are taking the Electrical Engineering Course.

Our average age is twenty-one; the oldest is twenty-three and the youngest is eighteen.

Our average height is 5 feet 8 inches; the tallest is 6 feet 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, the shortest is 5 feet 3 inches.

Our average weight is 143 pounds; the heaviest weighs 170 pounds, the lightest weighs 100 pounds.

Our politics: Nine are Republicans; twenty-seven are Democrats; three are Mugwumps; two are Prohibitionists; one is for Woman's Rights; one is Independent; and the rest are too young to have any politics.

There are twenty mustaches; three attempts; one attempt at a beard; three have never shaved.

What we are going to do: Seven are to be lawyers; three are to be doctors; one is to be a dentist; three are to be business men; one will be an explorer; two will be electrical engineers; one is to be a railroad man; one will be a journalist; one will be an architect; one will be a Don Juan; two will be ministers; two will devote themselves to mathematical studies; three will teach young idiots how to shoot; and the rest will make it their earnest endeavor to do nothing, with a probability of an overwhelming success.

Stray Shots.

Student (translating).—"She came running down the hill."

Prof.—"On what does running depend?"

Student.—"On the legs, sir."

Prof.—"When Balaam was called for—"

Student.—"The hour is up."

Prof. (continuing).—"— the ass spoke without being asked."

S-m-ngt-n.—"Descartes was the founder of the Cartesian philosophy."

S-nn-b-n.—"Was he also the inventor of the C-Artesian well?"

St-w-rt (reading Shakespere).—"I saw young Harry with his beaver on—"

Dr. Br-w-n.—"What is the meaning of beaver?"

St-w-rt.—"A stove-pipe."

Dr. Br-w-n.—"Do you think Prince Hal was going to a ball?"

Prof.—"By what means is a war terminated?"

Pu-n-ll.—"By peace."

Amorous economist.—"When the prices begin to osculate (oscillate)." [Several men immediately wake up.]

Prof. (to class in chemistry).—"Now all this talk about valence might seem foolishness—"

Student (in stage whisper).—"It is."

The De-n.—"Is it possible for anyone to pay attention to something for a very long time?"

C-b-rn.—"No, sir."

The De-n.—"How do you explain that fact?"

C-b-rn.—"It costs too much money."

Prof. Em-ot.—"Bishop Tanner, gentlemen, was the author of an exceedingly valuable work, but he had the mortification, at least it must have seemed so to him, of dying before it was completed."

Prof.—“What are the advantages arising from defensive action?”

Student.—“Those which arise from acting on the defense.”

The D-an.—“Illustrate the law of Excluded Middle.”

La-gê-d.—“All things either are iron or are not iron. Therefore, if wood is not iron, it—” [Awkward silence.]

Prof.—“Do you remember ‘Barbara Celarent’?”

Student.—“No, sir; I never met that lady.”

Ja-k-on.—“Well, Doctor, who is the author of French and German Socialism?”

Dr. E-y.—“Ahem! I wrote the book myself.”

A-d-e-s.—“The brain has 6,000 cells—or, perhaps, it is 600,000,000.”

Prof.—“Mr. Noyes, will you please keep quiet?”

C-a-rk.—“When we read, we seem to see the words, but, in fact, we only see the letters.”

Student (to Dr. Br-wn).—“Doctor, which is better, a course in P. H. E. or one in P. H. D.?”

Dr. Gr-f-in.—“Now, this is something that even a child must know. Let me ask you, Mr. Bl-k-o-d—”

Dr. R.—“Gentlemen, I do not want to be disagreeable, but I most decidedly object to having this lecture room being turned into a sleeping apartment.” [A guilty blush steals over the faces of about twenty-seven students, although the remark was made to but one.]

Mr. Em.—“The court of assize, as I Z-ay—” [and he continued wholly unconscious of this offense.]

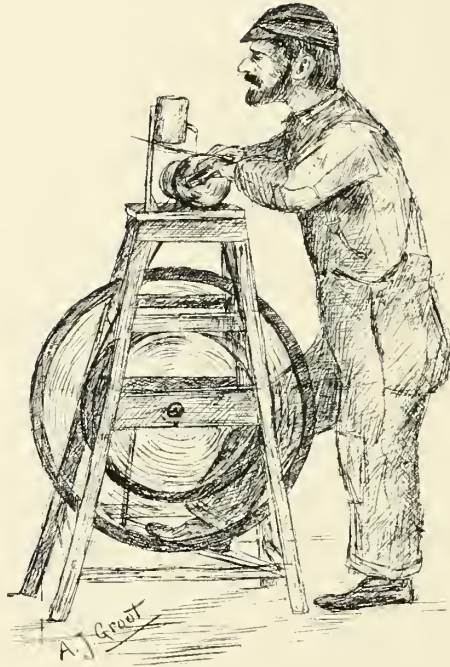
Mr. Em.—“I looked forward to going backward on our shedule yisterday.”

Mr. M. (picking up Coburn’s hat and reading inside, “Genuine French Calf”).—
“This must be a part of Cob-rn,” muttered Mr. M. sagely.

M-s-s.—“Doctor, won’t a glass bulb filled with a vacuum weigh more than one filled with hydrogen gas?”

Wanted.

To see "Stovey" shave.
To see Cox get a hair-cut.
To see Sparks ignite.
To see Hamburger grow.
To see Purnell take sugar and cream in bouillon.
(By the ladies) "Hoops."
To hear Speirs talk softly.
(By the girls) to see Someborn in his laboratory suit.
To see Moale with a straight face.
A carriage for "Baby Soper."
A quorum at the meeting of the Editorial Board.
A rubber ring to keep Nitze from chewing his fingers.
A bell to remind the Dean when it is 11.50 A. M.
Everyone to buy a "Hopkinsian" for his best girl.



Grinds.

“The fop begins to bluster, the fool begins to whine,
The man of sense, when taken in, goes off and gives no sign.—*Lanoue.*”

THE PRESIDENT. “A smile eternal on his lips he wears.”—*Young.*

THE FACULTY. “Teachers men honor, learners they allure;
But learners teaching, of contempt are sure.”

THE CLASS. “But search the realms of living men,
Where will you find their like again?”—*Scott.*

THE EDITORS. “With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd.”—*Scott.*

- AHRENSES. "Here comes a pair of very strange beasts."—*Shakespeare*.
- ANDRÉ. "No man is the wiser for his learning.—*Selden*.
- ANDREWS. "Plain without pomp, and rich without a show."
- ASPINWALL. "Another lean, unwashed artificer.—*Shakespeare*.
- BLACKFORD. "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."—*Byron*.
- BROCK. "A fellow of no mark nor likelihood."—*Shakespeare*.
- BROWN. "I must to the barbers; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face."—*Shakespeare*.
- CAMERON. "But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass."
—*Shakespeare*
- CLARK, W. L. * * * "He seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit."—*Milton*.
- CLARKE, F. A. * * "he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant."—*Butler*.
- COBURN. "So many hours must I sport myself."—*Shakespeare*.
- COX. "He looked like a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair."—*Dryden*.
- DORSEY. "Arise! shake the hayseed from off thee."
- DOUGHTY. "He's tough, ma'am—tough is J. B.; tough and devilish sly."
- DOWELL. "He had read ev'ry text and gloss over,
* * * *
All which he understood by rote,
And as occasion serv'd would quote."—*Butler*.
"He was so good he would pour rose water on a toad."
—*Jerrold*.
- EDMONDSON. "Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made."—*Scott*.

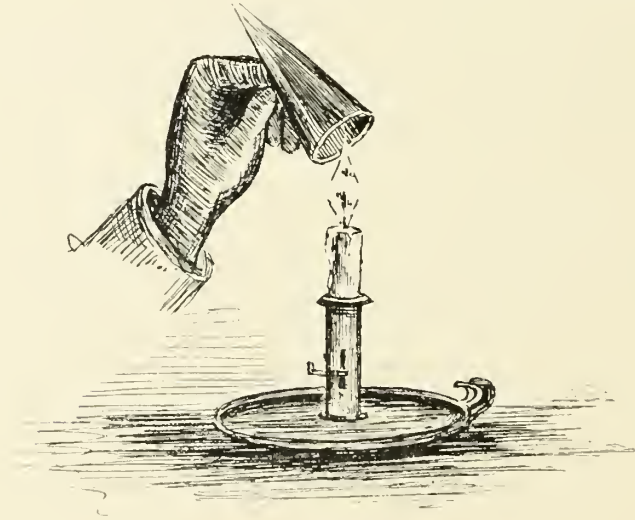
- GRIFFISS. "Of singing thou hast got the reputation."—*Sidney*.
- HAMBURGER. "Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind."—*Pope*.
- HANCOCK. "For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."—*Lamb*.
- HAZLETON. "In war was never a lion's rage so fierce;
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild."
- JACKSON. "L'amour apprend aux ânes de danser."—*French Proverbs*.
- LANGFELD. "Wiser in his own conceit than seven men."—*Proverbs*.
- LEE. "Nowher so besy as he ther n'as
And yet seemed besier than he was."—*Chaucer*.
"I'll not budge an inch."—*Shakespeare*.
- MANN. "Better late than never."—*Tusser*.
- MOLINARD. "The soul of this man is in his clothes."—*Shakespeare*.
- MOSES. "What a spendthrift is he of his tongue."—*Shakespeare*.
- MULLIKIN. "Let me have men about me' that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."
—*Shakespeare*.
- NEWHALL. "A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."
—*Shakespeare*.
- NOYES. "One said a tooth drawer was a kind of unconsciabie trade,
because his trade was nothing else but to take away
those things whereby every man gets his living."
—*Hazlitt*.
- OPIE. "Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes."—*Shakespeare*.
- PENROSE, C. A. "He danced and sang from morn to night,
No lark so blithe as he."—*Bikerstaff*.

- PENROSE, C. B. "His bark is worse than his bite."—*Herbert*.
- PHELPS. "Conspicuous by his absence."—*Russell*.
- PURNELL. "The sports of children satisfy the child."—*Goldsmith*.
- RAYNER. "Wie er sich raespert, wie er spuckt,
Hat's ganz dem Alten abgeguckt."—*Goethe*.
- REESE. "When you see fair hair, be pitiful."—*George Eliot*.
- SCHENCK. "We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."—*Buller*.
- SCHULZ. "I drink no more than a sponge."—*Rabellais*.
- SONNEBORN. "Le diable était beau quand il était jeune."
—*French Proverbs*.
- SOPER. "A little curly-headed good-for-nothing
And mischief-making monkey from his birth."—*Byron*.
- SPARKS. "His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair."—*Dryden*.
- SPEIRS. "As frank as rain
On cherry blossoms."—*E. B. Browning*.
- THIEME. "His nose was as sharp as a pen."—*Shakespeare*.
- THOMAS. * * "he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r."—*Milton*.
- TURNBULL. "His very foot hath music in it,
As he comes up the stairs."—*Mickle*.
- WARFIELD. "A little, round, fat, oily man of God."—*Thomson*.
- WEST. "Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower."—*Tennyson*.
"O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle."—*Shakespeare*.
- WOELFEL. "When I was young? Ah, *woful* when!"—*Coleridge*.
- YOUNG. "Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown."

Epilogue.

Pretty reader, the music is hushed, the last toast has been made, the banquet is over! We have prepared it to inspire you with deeper regard for our *Alma Mater*, with loving feelings toward ourselves and last, not least, by merry wit and kindly good-humor to fill your souls with laughter and sunshine. If we have succeeded in doing so, we shall think our efforts well repaid, and without detaining you with trite phrases and compliments, we merely shake your hands, bidding you a hearty God-speed!

THE EDITORS.



The Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore.

Information in regard to the University may be obtained :

I.—In the **Annual Register**, published at the close of the academic year. This contains a list of officers and students, tabular statements, list of graduates, full information as to the general scheme of study (graduate and undergraduate), and details as to fellowships, scholarships, tuition, etc.

II.—In the **Annual Report** of the President of the University, issued at the opening of each academic year. This contains a report of the work of the several departments, and a general statement of the work of the University.

III.—In the **Annual Programme**, issued in the month of June, containing a statement of the specific courses proposed for the ensuing academic year. This is published in the University Circulars.

[Either the Register, Report or Programme can be had without charge by addressing the University.]

IV.—In the **University Circulars**. These are issued monthly during the academic year and contain scientific notes, reports of societies, and current information as to the University. Subscriptions will be received for the University Circulars and other official publications at one dollar per annum.

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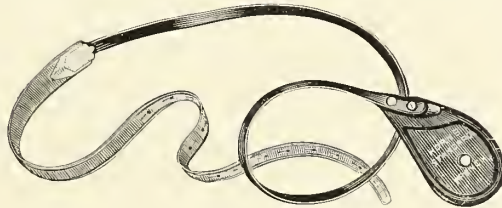


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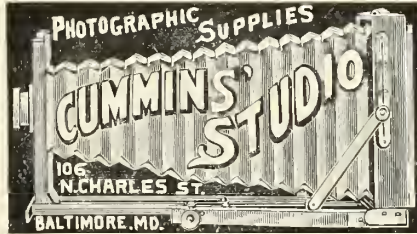
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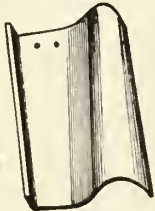
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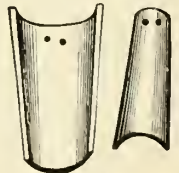
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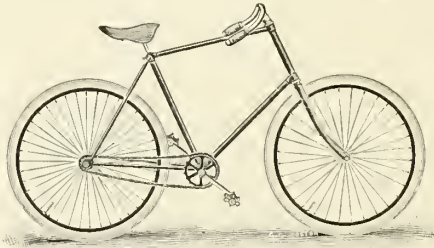
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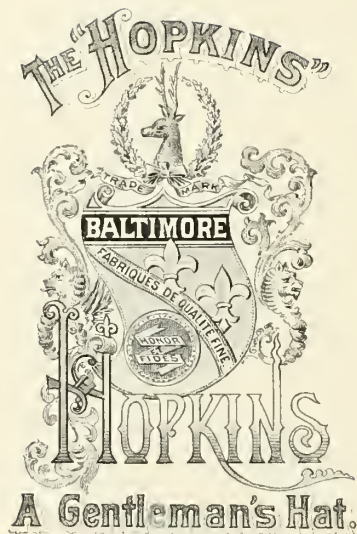
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